THE Heroycall Epiſtles of the learned Poet Publius Ouidius Naſo,

In Engliſh verſe: ſet out and tranſlated by George Turberuile Gent. With Aulus Sabinus aunſwers to certaine of the ſame.

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To the right Honorable,

and his singuler good Lord, Lorde *Thomas Howard, Vicounte Byndon &c.* George Turberuile wisheth Nestors *yeeres, increase of Honour, vvith preseruation of desired health.*

(..)

RIght Noble, indebted to your Honor for a number of vndeserued friendships, and vnable altogether to requite the least of a thousand courtesies: sought the meanes howe to acquite mee of some part thereof. But waying mine owne default, and considering your Honors merits, wox almost in vtter dispayre: vntill at length it repayrde to my thought, that it was no greater tokē of honor, liberally to bestow vpon other great rewardes, then a proofe of Nobilitie gratefullye to accept at others hands slender gyfts according to their habilitie that offred

fred the ſame. *Artaxerxes* his good acceptaunce of a handful of running water, bred me to this boldnes to offer your Honour a handfull of written Papers : hoping that as hee thought no diſdaine of the one, ſo you wyl not take ſcorne of the other. Let me craue this one thing at your Honors hands, that the baſeneſſe of this my tranſlation of the learned Poet *Ouid*, procure not you to refuſe the Patronage & defence of my ſlender Muſe. Which as I knowe vndoubtedly ſhall neuer counteruayle your curteſies : So do I aſſuredlye hope may bee a proofe of my good will and not forgotten duety. The very name, *Heroycall* (for ſo are the Epiſtles termed) deſerued an Honorable and Heroycall Perſonage to bee their garde. VVhich if your Honor refuſe not (as *I* know you wyll not refuſe) waying the gyuers intent, & ſeeing (that theſe are the firſt fruites of

of hys trauaile) you ſhall not onely purchaſe immortall praiſe of others: but I be encouraged and animated to greater and grauer attemptes: which I ſhall no ſooner atchieue, but you ſhall be a witnes of my endeuours,& a rãpier to my exployts. Thus hauing boldly importuned your aſsiſtance & tediouſly moleſted your eares with circumſtances, leauing now at length to abuſe your friendly patience, I end: wiſhing to your Honor increaſe of Nobility, with a moſt happy life: & after the cataſtrophe of this worldly Comedie, (wherein you play a ſtately parte) the gladſome ioyes of euerlaſting Seignory.

Your humble Orator G. Turberuile.

The Translator to his *Muse*.

GO (slender Muse) & make report to mẽ
That meer desire to pleasure them indeed
Made me in hand to take the painefull pen:
Which if I may, I haue my hoped meede.
I neither gape for gaine nor greedie fee,
My Muse and I haue doone, if men in glee
will take this trifling toye.

To the Reader.

LEarned, courteous, and Gentle Reader, I had long ere this time bid thee to a ſlender banquet? Had it not beene that other by theyr good wills had preuented my gentle offer and good meaning therin. But I ſaw ſo many rich and ſtately bourdes couered, ſo many curious carpets layde, ſuch daynty delicates deuiſde, ſuch courtly cates & conficts dayly brought in, as loth I was vpon ſuch iunkets and fine fare to procure thee to a rude rere ſupper. But conſidering that mine hability is not to make any better or more ſumptuous: and waying that of duty & good will I ought to manifeſt my well meaning with the reſt: I haue heere at length bid thee (I ſay) to a baſe banquet to sharpen thy ſtomack and procure thy appetite to finer fare. Hoping that thou wilt not ſcorn or loth any dish that shall be ſet before thee. If it be ſo that thou miſlike anything, impute the blame to

the

the Cooke. For doubtleſſe the Cates of themſelues in their kinde, are paſſing curious, but for want of cunning in dreſſing the ſame, may appeare nothing delectable in the eye, nor toothſome to the taſte. The feaſt was deuiſed long agone by Ouid *at* Rome, *& paſſing well liked in learned* Italie: *no leſſe for diuerſity of dishes, then copie of confictes. May be that if thou shew thy ſelfe frendly in well accepting this prouiſion, thou shalt be inuited to a better banquet in time at my hands, who as ſoone as occaſion will ſerue, wyll gyue thee to vnderſtand of my good will. Meane while play a friendfull gueſtes part, & miſlike not any thing that shalbe ſerued thee, without iuſt cauſe. Chalenge not vnto thee an ouercurious mouth and taſt. Thus lothe any longer to withholde thee from thy victuales, I wyſh thee to feede and farewell.*

George Turberuile.

The Argument of the firſt *Epiſtle, entituled Pe-*nelope to Vlyſſes.

THe angry Greekes for Helens *rape preparde*
To Troie: *when vviſe* Vlyſſes *marryed late*
A furie fainde, in hope to haue beene ſparde:
But Palamede *lothing to loſe a mate*
So needefull as Vlyſſes *was, bevvrayde*
The fraude of him that gladly vvoulde haue ſtayde.

Avvay he goes. When ten yeeres warre was ſpent,
And flaunting Troie *troden to the grovvnd:*
With other Greekes to ſhippe Vliſſes *vvent,*
But Pallas *then the vvrathfull Goddeſſe fround*
And made the Grecians full greedy of their home,
Full ten yeeres ſpace on ſurging ſeas to rome.

Which abſence long Penelope *agreeude,*
That little ſpace her husband had enioyde,
(Forſaken wight) she verilie beleeude
Some other laſſe Vliſſes *had acoyde.*
And this procurd the louing vvife to write,
That ſo his cauſe of abſence learne she might.

The first Epistle.

Penelope to Vlisses.

TO thée that lingrest all too long,
thy wife (Vlisses) sendes:
Gayne wryte not but by quicke returne
for absence make amendes.
To Grékish Nymphes that hatefull Troy,
is nowe to ruine brought:
Scarce mought the King and all his wealth
requite the wrong they wrought.
O that the surging Seas had drencht,
that lustfull Lecher tho:
When he to Lacedemon came
imbarkt, and wrought our woe.
Then should I not haue layd my limmes
in desert coutch alone:
Ne made complaint that Phœbus steades
tw slow to glade had gone.
Then should no Beldames distaffe made,
my widowish hand to faint:
Whilst I tw wast the weary night,
with spinning was attaint.
When stode I not in worser awe
indéede then was befell:
Aye loue is passing full of feare,
though euery thing be well.

Wée

Me thought I sawe a swarming troupe
of Troians thee about:
No soner Hectors name I heard,
but Hector made me doubt:
I brute had blazde Amphimacus
of Hector to bene slayne:
Amphimacus by such repozt
procurde my dzead againe.
Dz when Menetius sonne was sayd
in forged armes to die:
I sozrowed that the Troians did
Patroclus craft espye.
When Tlepolemus lost by fozce
of Lycian launce his life:
By Tlepolemus death were made
My slacked sozrowes rife.
In fine, what so they were of Greece,
that dyde amid their foes,
I feare within my bzeast mozc colde
then Mountaine Ile arose.
But righteous God that Hymen hight,
and true loue hath in care:
Hath kept Vlysses frée from scath,
and Troians caught in snare.
The Gréekish Chiefstaines are returnde,
the sacred Altars flame:
Of barbarous spoyle the Gods haue part,
that well deserude the same.

The Matrons for their saued Færes
most gratefull giftes prepare:
And they, howe Troy by their toyle
atchieued was, declare.
The sage with siluer haires do muse,
and dainty Damsels eake:
The wiues about the husbands hang
when they begin to speake.
And lo, when Tables once are layd,
one ginneth straight to showe,
The wreakfull warre, and drawes with wine
The Troian Tentes arowe.
Here Simois (saith he) did flowe,
here is Segeian land:
And hære the aged Priams Hall
and Princely house did stand.
There fierce Achylles pight his Tents,
there wise Vlysses lay:
Hære Hector rent in dolefull wise,
the horses did affray.
Thus auncient Nestor made report,
who told thy sonne the same:
And he (as was his part to do)
declard it to his Dame.
Yow Rhesus thou didst make to rue,
and Dolon yéeld to death:
Th'one sleæping, thother by thy guile
did lose his vitall breath.

And

And didst thou dare (thou retchlesse) man
and ouerbolded wight)
To Thracian Tents to shape thy course
in vgly shade of night?
And onely by the ayde of one,
so many men to slaye
That wonted were to be so ware
and mind thy wedlocke aye?
With quaking feare my hart was colde,
and visage passing pale:
When thou didst passe along the Host,
and Thracian horses stale:
But what to me (vnhappy Feme)
auayles the Troian wracke:
And walles which you by breach haue brought
to vtter spoyle and sacke.
If I in Widdowes state remaine,
as I to fore haue done:
And must for aye Vlysses lacke,
as when the broyle begunne?
To me that Troie sole doth stande
though Souldiers had the spoyle:
And they that *Victors* were with plough
for lucre turne the soyle.
Where statelie buildings were to sée,
and Troian towne did stande:
There spronteth corne with Phrygian blod,
so fatted is the land.

Yalfe

Halfe buried bones of warrlike wights
the crooked Culters teare:
Both grasse and graine with hearbes do grow,
where hawtie houses were.
Thou *Victor* euer art a lack,
ne once wilt make me showe
By louing lines, or message meanes,
what cause of stay doth growe.
No straunger stumbles on our stronde,
or bringes his Barke to bay,
But I enquire him of thy health
or ere he passe away.
And so his fortune fauour, that
on thée he chaunce to light,
I pray him yéeld those louing lynes,
which I to thée indight.
I sent to Pylos to enquire,
(where aged Nestor dwelt)
No certaine rumor of a trueth
from Pylos haue I felt.
From thence I sparde not for expence
to Sparta me to hie:
But Sparta cannot make account,
where thou do liue or die.
Woze better twere for me (in fayth)
if that Troy stoode againe,
(But I vnconstant wight am wroth
with these my wyshes vaine.)

Then should I certaine be and sure
where thou didst leade thy life:
Then onely should I dread the warres,
and stormes of stirred strife.
Then should my dreadie dolefull playnt
conioyned be with moe:
That in the absence of their Makes
should take some taste of woe.
I fraughted am with feare, but what
I dread I know not well:
My cares encrease, the way is wyde
that leades me to this hell.
No perrill on the tossing Sea,
or on the land is séene,
But I surmise that they forthwith
thy cause of stay hath béene.
Whilst fondly thus amazde I stand,
(such is thy pleasures plight)
Thou mayst bestowe thy loue afresh
vpon some other wight.
To whom thou makst a shew perhappes
howe homely is thy wyfe:
And how at Diskaske she delights
to leade a Rusticks life.
But (Gods) O let me be beguilde,
let whisking windes transport
Such thoughts, & thou that maist retire,
dislodge not in such sort.

Icarius my grutching Syre
would force me breake my Yeast,
And blaming this thy slacke returne
would make newe mariage feast.
But as I am, I wyll be thine,
let rancor féede his fill,
Penelope wyll be the wyfe
of her Vlysses styll.
Yet naytheleſſe my endleſſe ſute
at length hath mouude my Syre:
Who rules his rage with reaſons brake
and Maſters wrathfull yre.
From Ilandes round about dw flock
of ſuters manie one:
Zacinthus, Samus, with the reſt
by ſute encreaſe my mone.
Thoſe royſting rufflers beare the ſway,
within thy Pallace gate:
With catching clawes they waſte thy wealth
and ſéeke t'impart thy ſtate.
Pyzander, Medon, Polybus,
Eurimachus yfere:
With Antinous t'is no néede,
for to recite as here.
What ſhould I theſe with others nams
who ſéeke to ſpend thy good,
Which thou by manly Mart hall got,
in daunger of thy blode:

The raſkall eke doth rule the roſt,
Melanthius, and Ire,
(Which ſoundes to thy diſworſhip moſt)
together doe conſpire.
We are by tale but thrée, God wote,
thy weake and wretched wife:
Telemachus thy little ſonne,
Laertes lothing life.
Thy ſonne not long ago was like
by craft to béene conſumde:
Whilſt he, to paſſe againſt their willes
to Pylos had preſumd:
But Gods I grate this onely bone,
that he by courſe of kind,
His fathers eyes and mine may cloſe,
and liue himſelfe behinde.
This is the crooked Purces worke
and clowniſh cowards care:
And he that daily ſerues the ſwine,
A like is wont to fare.
Laertes ouerlodd with yéeres,
Unable to the warre,
Amidde theſe ſtates can ſtrike no ſtroke
when they begin to iarre.
Thy Sonne (ſo Gods dw lend him life)
to mans eſtate wyll growe:
But thou in theſe his childiſh yéeres,
ſhouldſt garde him from the foe.

I Wiser wight am not of force
to banish them the place:
Wherefore, see thou who art our ayde,
that thou returne apace.
Thou hast (long mayst thou haue) a Sonne,
that in his tender age,
Sould followe on his fathers steppes,
and life to worship gage.
Liue not aye retchlesse of thy Syre,
whose eyes thou oughts to shut,
His dying date drawes on apace,
the twine of life is cut:
And I that at thy parture was,
a Gyrle for to beholde:
Of truth am wayt a Matrone now,
thy selfe will iudge me olde.

The Argument of the ſecond *Epyſtle, entituled Phyllis* to Demophoon.

DEmophoon *minding after Troian broyle*,
To long deſired Countrie to retowre:
For all his force, for all his painefull toyle,
Was brought to Thrace *by meane of ſtormie ſhowre,*
Where Phyllis *raignde, vvho likt her gueſt ſo vvell,*
As firſt to boorde, and then to bed they fell.

Within a vvhile Demophoon *gan to fayne*
And forge excuſe to Athens *to repayre,*
With gaged fayth to shape returne againe
Within one moneth, and bid her not diſpayre:
But when the fixed time was gone and paſt,
Thus Phyllis *vvrote vnto her gueſt at laſt.*

The Second Epistle.

Phyllis to Demophoon.

That thine Hostelle, Phyllis was,
a Khodopeian Mayde:
Mislike that thou my guest, beyond
thy fixed time hast stayde.
Thy plighted promise was with shippe
Heere to arriued againe
Before or neere about the time
the waxen Mone should waine.
But Phœbe fourthly hath repayd
her wasted hornes anew:
Yet may I not on Thracian coast
take once of thée a viewe.
Though thou account the fleeting time,
(which louers note by trade)
Thou shalt not finde that Phyllis hath
to soone her plaint ymade.
And long enough I fed on hope,
for such is louers guise,
Wle hardly credite hurtfull happes
till damage dw arise.
I haue oft flattred with my selfe,
and thought the Southerne wind
Had stuft thy sayles, & brought thy barck
which yet I cannot find.

I haue accurſed Theſeus oft,
that was thy cauſe of ſtay
And yet may be that he at all
bredde not hys long delay.
Another while I ſtode in awe,
leaſt thou to Hæbrus Lake
Directing courſe, in middle Seas
by wracke thy bane hadſt take.
Full often haue I for thy healthy
in mild and humble wiſe,
With Incence made requeſt to Gods,
that lodge in lofty Skies,
And ſundry times when Æole had
his broyling Imps incloſde:
That if thou were aliue thou wouldſt
haue commen I ſuppoſde.
Thus loyall loue (what ſo might breede
and be a cauſe of ſtay:
To ſuch as trauaile) did deuiſe,
excuſing thy delay.
But thou not forcing on thy fayth,
ne counting of thy heſt,
Not dreading Gods to witneſſe callde,
doſt mind thy Phyllis leaſt.
Demophoon to the windes ingagde
his promiſe with his ſayle:
I ſorrow that the ones returne,
and th'others fayth dooth fayle.

Denounce to me what I haue done,
but loude thee all to well?
By mine offence I haue deserude
that thou with me shouldst dwell.
In me one haynous fault is founde
that harbourde such a guest:
But this my guile hath force of bone,
and merite there doth rest.
Where nowe thy solempne sacred othes
thy plighted troth with bande?
And Gods appeald as true recordes
to witnesse of thy hand?
Where is that holy Hymen nowe,
that vs hath chosen Féeres
By frée assent conioyne in one
yfeare to waste our yéeres?
First swarst thou by that gastly Goulfe,
where wind and waue do rore:
By whome thou were in poynt to passe,
as oft thou hadst before.
Then Neptune was to witnesse callde,
thy Graund and worthy Syre,
(Unlesse thou faine) who quailes ỹ surge
and swelling waters yre.
Then Venus, with her winged wight,
(that bredde me all this téene)
Was sommonde, whose reuenger tooles
are bowe and arrowes kéene.

Dame

Dame Iuno, that hath ſpouſall charge
and wedlocke ſhewde her face:
And Ceres with her ſolempne rites,
was cyted to the place,
If eche of theſe forenamed powres,
and witneſſe thus in vaine,
Shold ſeke on thée to wreak their wrath
couldſt thou endure the payne?
My ſelfe (leaſt thou ſhouldſt want at
a Barck to leaue my land) (neede,
Infounded, did repayre the ſhyppes
that ragged lay on ſand.
I trimde vppe all thy broken Dares,
whereby thou mightſt depart:
And thus my ſelfe haue forgde the toles
that thyrled haue my hart.
Thy many ſmoth and filed wordes
did purchaſe credites place:
I did beléeue thy ſtocke, thy Gods
ſtoode all in Phyllis grace.
I thought thy teares had bëne of troth:
can they be forged ſo?
Thy teares which at cõmandment are
from flattering face to floe.
Thy Gods did make me iudge the beſt,
theſe pledges were in vaine:
God wote one parcell of them mought
a ſilly Mayden traine.

That I supported thée at néede
it moues me naught at all:
So that thy harbour all had béene,
the matter had béene small.
But shameleſſe and with blind forecaſt,
from bourd to bed did goe:
And there to paſſe in Venus toyes
doth agrauate my woe.
O that the laſt forepaſſed night
before that curſſed tide,
Had béene my laſt: then Phyllis might
with ſpotleſſe faith haue dide.
I hoped better, by deſert
who had thy frendſhip wonne:
The hope which méede & right procures
they ſay is well begonne.
The glory is not great by guile
to circumuent a mayde:
You rather ſhould by ſimplenes
with frendly fauour payd.
A woman, and a louing wight
thy forged fraud hath made
To be intrapt: God graunt thy prayſe
by Phyllis ſpoyle to vade.
Among th'Athenion noble wights
thy ſeate ſhall be aſſignde:
Thy Syre amid his ſpoyles ſhall ſtand.
and thou his ſonne behind.

When

When shamefull Syron shall be read
and fell Procustes death,
And Scynis with the Minotaure,
whom Theseus reft his breath:
When Creon conquerde shall appeare,
and Centaures there be seene:
And be recorded that thy Syre,
at Plutos Court hath bene:
Beneath thy fathers manly factes
shall stand this stately style:
(Lo this is that vnfaithfull guest,
who Phyllis did beguyle)
Of all thy fathers noble actes,
and worthy feates of fame:
Thou onely dost resemble one,
which he accounts a shame:
For he king Minos daughter reft,
and her forewent at last:
And thou (as heire of all his guile)
dost frame a iugling cast.
But she hath made a wise exchaunge,
(I spite not) for the best:
Upon her Tigres bridled braue
shée rydes at quiet rest.
But nowe such suters as in Thrace,
of me were scornde before,
Despise to be espouse to her
Who loues a straunger more,

Then

Then such as were my Countrey men,
to Athens let her goe,
(Say they) to weare ỹ Thracian crown
we want not one I trowe.
The ende is it that tryes the facte,
God sende him sorie happes,
That alway thinkes it best to iudge
the cause by after claps.
But so my Country waues were cutte,
and sundred with the keale,
Then might I vaunt my loue imployde
to tend to publike weale.
But slender was the loue I bare
to thys my native soyle:
My Pallace moues thée not a mite,
ne Bystons pleasant goyle.
The countnaunce and the iesture bothe,
are yet imprinted fast
Within my breast, that thou didst vse,
when Phyllis sawe thée last.
And didst thou dare with clasping armes
imbrace her carcasse so?
And touch her cherrye lippe with thyne,
a thousand times and moe?
And to confound thy brackish teares,
with Phyllis salted brine?
And that the weather serude so well,
a fault with Æole fine?

And

And when thou tookst thy last farewell,
adue how darst thou say?
Demophoon will retire againe,
that (Phyllis) is no nay.
Shall I erpect his gainecome that
hath mind on nothing lesse?
Or gape for sayles that shunne the port
where was their chiefe redresse?
And yet I can but long to sée
thy comming, though be long:
Though fixed day be past, reuert
and quite some part of wrong.
But what do I vnhappy wysh?
another dainty Dame
Both thée, and all thy loue hath wonne
to thy reprochfull shame.
I thinke that Phyllis is forgot,
that vsde her guest so well:
Fie, fie, of Phyllis make not straunge,
ne aske the place I dwell.
I am that Phyllis (would thou wist)
who harbourde thée at néede:
And gaue thée port that long on Seas
hadst wandred all in dréede.
Whose goods inricht thy powre estate,
and hauing wealth at will,
Did succour thée, and would haue done
if thou hadst taried still.

Cuen

Euen she that made thée Lord & Prince
of all Lycurgus lande:
And yéelded thée a scepter farre
vnfit for womans hand.
As farre as chillie Rhodope
to bushie Hæmus goes:
And sacred Hæbrus with his streames,
and weltring waters floes.
Euen shée that gaue thée leaue to plucke
her Maydenhead beshroude:
And with thy crafty hand to let
her honest belt abroade.
At that sinister time was prest
Tisiphone in place:
And eke the Owle with doleful shriche,
and monstrous vgly face.
Not farre from thence with snakie bush
the fell Alecto lay:
Who with her gastly glowing eyes
thy presence did affray.
Yet naytheleſſe to ragged rockes,
and shore I vse to hie:
And al about to kenne the coast
I cast my gazing eye.
Whē stars in rowling skies do raunge,
or Phœbus yéeld his light,
I go to sée where Æols winds
with Neptunes waues do fight.

And

And whatsoeuer shyp I viewe,
come cutting on the Se
To Thracia warde: I iudge it straygbt
our natiue Gods to be.
Then like a Bedlam wight to waues
and drenching seas I runne:
As farre as swelling waters flowe,
when ebbing tyde is downe.
But how much more the Barck ariues,
and nærer is to land:
The more amazde, and from my wittes
estraunged do I stand.
Then gin my sences all to fayle:
my liuely partes to faynt:
And (were not for my maydes) I should
with sowning be attaint.
A creeke there standes that is by kynde,
not farre vnlike a bowe:
Whose picked points with ruthles rock,
and hardened stone doth growe.
I was resolude with stayed minde,
and vnapalled hart,
From thence to cast my corps adowne,
and will if thou depart.
Then restlesse floud, and fleeting waues,
my carcasse wyll apply
To shore, and thou thine Hostesse shalt
vnterred see with eye.

Though

Though Adamant thy rigour then
and ſtubborne ſtéele exceéde,
Yet wylt thou ſay, fie Phyllis, fie,
this purſute had no néede.
Sometime my fancie ſerues me well
with venoms drench to die:
And ſtreight with ſword to haſt my death
I am at poynt to trie.
Then with a ſtring to ſtoppe my breath
I thinke it paſſing fit:
And with a ruthles hand, a corde
about my throte to knit.
For certaine fully bent I am,
with ſpéedie leauing life,
To recompence my ſpotted fame,
in choyſe ſhall be no ſtrife.
And thou that didſt procure my bane,
for thy deſert ſhalt haue
This verſe, or ſome ſuch other like
inſculped on thy graue.

Demophoon that guilefull gueſt,
made *Phyllis* ſtoppe her breath:
His was the cauſe and hers the hande
that brought her to the death.

The Argument of the third *Epiſtle, entituled Briſeis to Achylles.*

THe Greekes ariude at Phrygia, fell to ſacke
The neighbour townes to aged Priams walles:
When fierce Achylles brought to waylefull wrack
Cilicias both, and tooke two virgins thralles.
Th'one Chryſis hight, a paſſing goodly Dame,
And Briſeis th'other not much vnlike the ſame.

Chryſis Atrides choſe to ſport withall,
Achylles Briſeis had for like intent,
But when at laſt the Prince forewent his thrall,
He Briſeis reft, whom earſt Achylles hent:
Which done, he left his Launce, he fled the field,
And would no more his wonted weapons wield.

The Chiefetaine ſawe at length Achylles lacke,
And former fight in field with furious fo,
To ſtint the ſtrife, he ſent him Briſeis backe,
But he refuſd to take the Lady tho:
Which when the virgine ſaw, this following verſe
Fayre Briſeis ſent his braſen breaſt to pierce.

The third Epiſtle.

Briſeis to Achylles.

THe dolefull lines you reade,
from captiue Briſeis came:
Whoſe Troian fiſt can ſcarcely yet
with Gréekiſh figures frame.
My flushing teares did cauſe
the blots and blurres you ſée:
Yet in theſe déérie drops I knowe,
the weight of woordes to be.
If lawfull be to plaine
of thee my Lord and Féere:
Of thée my Féere and Lord the plaint
thy ſelfe ſhalt quickly heare.
I déemde it not thy guilt,
that I fro thée was ſent:
Yet in ſome part for yéelding me
ſo ſone thou maiſt be ſhent.
No ſoner Eurybate
with Talchybius came:
But I was yéelded to their handes,
my iourney forth to frame.
And they with glauncing eyes
ytolled to and fro,
In ſecrete ſilence did conſult
my fancies plight to knowe.

I might haue ſtayd a while,
deferring of my woe
Had earned thankes, I did not kiſſe
my Lord Achylles tho.
But teares beraynde my chéekes,
I retchleſſe rent my hayre:
And leaſt I had béene rapt againe,
I ſtode in gaſtlie feare.
Oft minded I by breache,
and ſcape to haue returnde:
But ſcoutes and warders laie in waite,
that me my purpoſe wrongde.
To iſſue out by night
of foes I ſtode in dread:
Though if I had béene caught, I ſhoulde
to Troian Dames béene lead.
But yéelded vp, I haue
béene manie nights alacke:
Not reſcude by thy haughty powre.
thy mallice is ſo ſlack.
Patroclus did require,
(when I from thée did go:)
What bred my dole, ſince quicke retire,
ſhould ſome abridge my woe:
Thou doſt not onely ceaſe
to ſue for me againe:
But aye procurſt the moſt thou mayſt,
the Captaine ſhould detaine

Thy

Thy Briſeis from thy clummes:
goe nowe I ſay and boaſt
(Thou hote and earneſt louer) of
thy loue in euery coaſt.
To the Amyntors ſonne,
and Aiax came yfeare:
Thy fellow Phænis, Aiax was
by bloud to Achyl néere.
Vlyſſes was the third,
which ſhoulde haue brought me backe:
Of gentle words and guerdons great,
thou ſhouldſt haue found no lacke.
Atrides Tables ſent
twiſe ten of glowing Braſſe:
So finely wrought as to behold
their matches rare it was.
Seauen ſtoles of ſemblant Arte
and weight, with Talents fiue
Of Golde, a doſen ſtatelie ſtéedes,
to gallop, paſſing bliue.
And (more then néeded tw,
or that Achylles lackt)
A troupe of daintie trulles that came
from Citties lately ſackt.
With them a prætie peate,
(of Agamemnons thrée
Fayre daughters, but thou neded none)
thy louing wife to be.

Of like the ſumme is ſmall
Achylles would beſtowe
Upon my raunſome, if he ſcorns
the thinges he ſhould forgoe:
That hauing proffer made
of me with heaped gaine,
Refuſeth me and all the wealth,
and barres me by and maine.
Aye me, by what deſert
hath Briſeis loſt thy loue?
Achylles, why ſo ſone from her
ſhouldſt thou thy hart remoue?
Doth cankred fortune ſtill
perſiſte in yrefull rage
To miſer wights? will neuer calme
theſe hurling broyles allwage
I by thy manly Mart
ſaw Lyrnes brought to ſack:
And I in Lyrnes had a ſhare,
which now is gone to wrack.
I ſaw with rufull eye
of mine allyance thrée,
(Of thræ my mother déere was one)
their liked liues to flée.
I ſawe my huſband eke,
on bloudie ſoyle, with gore
Beſprent, with wide & gaping woundes
in vgly wiſe to rore.

For all these hurtes endurde
on thée I made my choyse:
That thou my Lord and Louer art,
and brother I reioyce.
Thou swarst by Tethis tho,
that I should scape annoy:
And that my bondage shoulde not brède
my domage but my ioy.
Euen to this fine it tendes
that I with all this dowre,
Should of Achylles be refusde
for Agamemnons power.
Moreouer brute had blazde,
that when the morning light
Hath cleard the pole, that thou on Seas
with ship wilt take thy flight.
Which fell report no sooner came vnto my eare,
But I by sodaine chaunge of hue
declard my chaunge of chére.
And wilt thou thus depart?
to whom wilt thou me leaue?
Who will relieue my vile estate,
or succourlesse receaue?
Let gastly gaping gulfe
and quaking earth deuoure:
Or let me féele of Vulcanes bolts
the stroke, and scathfull scoure.

Let flaſhing flame of fire
and lightning Briſeis burne,
And ſo by ſuddaine clappe her corps
to parched cynders turne:
Ere ſhe from Pthia ſée
her Lord Achylles wende
Imbarckt, and leaue his thrall behinde,
which mighty Ioue defende.
If my returne may like,
or countrey Gods thée pleaſe:
My burden ſhall not bréede the Barcke:
or thée ſuch great diſeaſe.
The Victor as a thrall,
(not as a ſpouſe her make)
I wyll attend: my hand to ſpynne
and card ſhall vndertake.
In all the Achaian ſoyle,
to wife the braueſt Dame
Receiued, let her with Achil lodge
Cupidos feates to frame.
A worthy daughter lawe
for Pelius Æacus ſonne.
To whom, olde Nereus to become
a Seignour would not ſhunne.
The while, I ſillie wench
prompt to obey thy beſt,
Will dw my taſke at turne and Cardes,
or Diſtaffe with the reſt.

So that I craue her nought,
but onely that thy wife,
(Which wold torment my hart ful sore)
will cease from grutching strife.
Ne banish me mine ease,
ne suffer her to teare
In spitefull wise, my Golden lockes,
and rent my crisped heare,
In silence to thy selfe
say: this was once my lode,
As th'other is my wedded spouse,
whose rigour I reproue.
I force not what I bide,
so I with thée may stay:
But Briseis hath a doubtfull dread,
that puts good hope away.
What dost thou more expect?
Atrides wrath is gone:
And Gréece, in dolefull wise, before
thy féete doth make her mone.
Represse thy raging yre,
that dost the rest subdue:
Now cruell Hector makes the Gréekes,
their restlesse rage to rue.
Achylles take thy loue
and Briseis once againe:
And then with luckie Mart, thy fill
with Troian blood disdayne.

Let

Let her that was the cauſe
of wrath, appeaſe thine yre:
Let her that forſt thy greefe, becauſe
that thou to ioy aſpyre.
Ne dw thou thinke diſdaine
to graunt me my requeſt:
Since Meleager yéelded him
to Cleopatras heſt.
I ſpeake it by report,
thou knowſt the matter well:
How Althea ſought to ſpoyle her ſonne,
(O Achyll thou canſt tell.
Who was a valiant wight,
and noble for his Part:
And yet he did renounce his armes,
and from his Country ſtart.
Whom onely mild requeſt
of Cleopatra bowde:
But Briſeis wordes are of no weight,
her ſute is not alowde.
Whereof I ne diſdaine,
who may not iuſtly craue
The title of a ſpouſe, but am
a vile and bounden ſlaue.
For ſundry times when thou
were bent to Venus play,
Then woulſt thou bid vnto thy bedde
thy ſeruaunt come her way.

Among

Among thy captiues one
a Madams name me gaue,
Those are vnfitting termes (quoth I)
not greeting to a slaue.
By my good husbands bones
layde in vntimelie pit,
(Which bones I mind to honour aye
till liuelie twine vnknit)
And by my brothers ghosts
which did resist till death,
And in defence of native Gods
to lauish were of breath:
By both our heads which we
haue often led yfeare
And by thy weapons which my freendes
haue tryde to much, I sweare.
That none of all the Greekes
my secrete partes do know:
Forsake and as an abiect scorne
me, if it proue not so.
But if I should demaunde
an othe of thee againe,
That thou hadst with none other Lasse,
but with thy Briseis layne.
And say: thou valiant wight,
hast thou not past in play
Since I to Agamemnon went:
Achylles would say nay.

The

The Grékes ſurmiſe that thou
doſt leade thy life in woe,
And mourne for want of Briſeis: but
I ſée it is not ſo.
Thou rumbleſt on thy Lute,
ſwéete Muſicke likes thine eare,
Some luſtfull Laſſe will not permitte
Achylles couch beleare.
If queſtion were, why thou
didſt ſtint from wonted fight:
Thou wouldſt auouch that Venus were
with greater pleaſure freight.
More ſafety is to lincke,
and rowe in Venus Barge,
Or with a pleaſant Thracian Lute
all ſorrowes to diſcharge:
Than in thy hand to haue
a ſhielde with bloudy Speare,
Or heauie Helmet on thy head,
and feltred locks to beare.
But worthy workes of warre
were more imbraced earſt,
Than ſuch a ſafetie, when thy breaſt
with glories Launce was pearſt.
What? were thou onely ſtoute
when I by fight was wonne?
Is all that courage quayled quite,
now Lyrnes ſiege is donne?

Nay, Gods forbid that thou
shouldst seeke thy fame to lose,
Yet rather let thy Launce the brest,
of hautie Hector brose.
Sende me (yee Greekes) to treate,
as seruaunt will I sue
Unto my Lord, and all my wordes,
my kisses shall ensue.
For Briseis will prevaile
farre more then Phœnis can:
And more then wise Vlysses tale
or Aiax with the man.
T'is much with folded armes
his necke to haue imbrast:
And louing lookes by fancie forst
with glauncing eye to cast.
Though thou (Achylles) be
with rigour and with rage
Repleate, yet naytheleſſe with teares
thy wrath I wyll asswage.
And may they nowe take place:
if so, Gods graunt thy Sire
(The worthy Peleus) to hys yeeres
and hoped age aspyre.
If so thou heare my sute,
Gods graunt that Pirrhus may
(Thy worthy sonne) to battaile go
in good and luckie day.

Behold

Behold thou manly wight,
thy Briſeis clad with woe:
Abandon rigor in good time
that paynes thy louer ſo.
Or if thy loue be chaungde,
from loue to lothſome hate:
Force her that liues in heauy plight
to yéelde her due to fate.
The fine will prooue it ſo,
my corps and colour fade:
The ſoule to kéepe his former force
thy onelie hope hath made.
Which hope, when ſo ſhall faint
and be debard his hire:
Thy Briſeis to her huſbands ſoule
and brothers ſhall aſpyre.
To force a woman dye,
no glory mayſt thou gaine:
But ſo thou long to haue my death,
let mée with ſword be ſlaine.
Some bloud as yet remaines
in carefull corps incloſde:
Which would ſluſh out if w̄ thy ſworde
the vaine were once diſcloſde.
With ſelfe ſame weapon pierce
my weake and féeble ſide,
Wherewith (if Pallas had not béene)
Atrides ſhould haue dide.

Yet rather saue my life
as thou toforе hast done:
And thou that were by pitty mouede
by humble sute be wonne.
On Troian weake thy wrath,
thy fierce vnfeyned foe:
Goe bath in Phrygiã bloud, thy blowes
on Priams friendes bestow.
Achylles say the word,
and where thou come or stay,
If thou wylt haue me make returne,
thy Briseis comes her way.

The Argument of the *fourth Epiſtle, intituled Phædra to Hippolitus.*

THe franticke Phædra, Theſeus vvedded Mate,
In abſence of the Duke her husband fell
In loue vvith Hippolite, and did forſake
The vvorthy vvight that loude his vvife ſo vvell.
But he delighted vvith Diana more
Then cranking Cupid, or Dame Venus play:
Aye kept the chaſe and ſlevv the ſauage Bore.
Not forcing vvhat his motherlavv did ſay.
Shee naytheles attacht with glovving gleede,
To vvinne the chaſtfull youth to filthy luſt:
In ſubtile ſorte his humors ſought to feede,
Perſwading him her ſute to be but iuſt.
With ſundry ſleights she went about to vvinne
The retchleſſe youth, that minded nothing leſſe
Than shamefull luſt and filthy fleshlie ſinne,
The mothers mind this Piſtle doth expreſſe.
Theſe ſuing lines her ſluttish ſute bevvray
Wherein to Hippolyte thus gan she ſay.

The fourth Epistle.

Phædra to Hippolitus.

THe health and greeting ỳ shée sendes,
the same shall Phædra want,
Unlesse thou (Hippolite) such health
vouchsafe to Phædra graunt.
Receiue and reade what so is sent,
what domage may ensue:
In these perhaps there lurkes that may
thy pleasures plight renue.
As well by land, as surging seas,
such writtes are wont to wend:
And foes that fæde on rancour, reade
the lines the foes do send.
Thrise was I bent to haue disclosde
to thée my couert sute:
But thrise my foltring tongue was tyde
I stoode as one were mute.
I mingled bashfull shame with loue,
till loue surpassed shame:
Wherfore the words I blusht to speake
in writyting read the same.
For what so Cupid giues in charge,
tis madnesse to despise:
For he doth conquere God and man
as nature did deuise.

Ye when I stode in gastfull dread,
to penne my earnest sute,
Sayd, write on Phædra he shal yelde
and pay thy paines with fruite.
Be prest thou mighty Prince of loue,
and as thy feruent fire
Doth burne my breast, so cause him fry
with Phædras hote desire.
I mind not by enormous guilt
to breake my spousall knot:
For (would thou wist) my life as yet
is free from shamefull blot.
How much the longer tis ere lone
inuades a womans brest:
The sorer is the cruell gashe,
and breedes the more distrest.
My inward parts are all inflamde,
my bowels boyle with heate:
My scorched hart forepinde with woe
a lurking wound doth freate.
As Bullocks may not well abide
the crooked yoke at furst:
Nor trampling Colts with bit or brake
to haue their iawes yburst.
So fares it by my skilleft brest
that hardly may endure:
Unwonted loue, or such vnrest
as Cupid will procure.

In

In youth when skill by practise comes
the knowledge is profound:
But who so loues when youth is spent
can not with art abounde.
The first taste of my spotlesse fame
vnto thy share shall fall,
And eche of vs at once shall be
to sinfull lust in thrall.
T'is somewhat from the fraughted boughes
to pluck the fruit at full,
And Primrose with a nimble nayle
from slender stalke to pull.
Euen so the former brightnes of
my passed age was cleare,
Obscured with no cloudy crime,
as doth in prowfe appeare.
But well it chaunced that I am
attacht with worthy flame,
A foule Aduiter then the fact
doth brede a fouler shame.
Though Iuno would to Phædras vse
of Ioue renounce her right:
Yet Phædra would Hippolytus
preferre with all her might.
And now (which thou wouldst scarcely deeme
I am not as I was:
I haue delight in quechie groues,
by brutish beasts to passe.

Now Dian with her bended bowe
and shaftes is all my care:
I yéeld me wholy to thy will,
in wracke and wealth to fare.
My pleasure is to hautie hylles,
and bushie brakes to hie:
To pitch my hay, or with my Hounde
to rayse a lusty crye:
Or els with weake and wylling arme
a trembling Dart to throw,
Or weary limmes in grasse & groaues
with pleasure to bestowe.
T'is oft my practise in the plaine
a Charret for to guide:
And with a byt, to wrest and wind
the horse from side to side.
Sometimes by restlesse raging fits
much like to Bacchus Nunne,
Or like to Cibels brainsick Nymphes
in Ida Mount, I runne.
Resembling those whom Driades,
and Faunes force to flée:
Whom Semi-gods wee déemed, and
halfe heauenly wights to be.
This tale is told to me at large
when furious fittes are past:
To me I say, whose couert parts
with silent loue do wast,

We may perhaps vnto the fate
and fortune of our kinde
Impute this loue, and Venus longes,
by tribute vs to bind.
For first the fayre Europa was
of mighty Ioue embrast:
Who in the figure of a Bull
did play a fluttish cast.
An other brutish Bull my Dame
Phasiphae beguild:
Who with an vgly monster was
by him begot with child.
False Theseus by my sisters shyfts
and trackt of silken twine,
The crooked caue and doubtfull denne
of Dedal fled in fine.
And last of all, least I should seeme
to swarue from Minos trade,
The remnant of that noble race,
the like attempt haue made.
And that by fatall dome procurd,
one house two Nymphes hath wonne
My sister loude the father well,
and I imbrace the sonne.
Two sisters were away conuayde,
by thee, and by thy Sire:
Erect two Trophées of one house,
whereto you did aspire.

That

That time when we in Athens did
to Ceres incense yéelde:
Would Gods that Gnosion quiet soyle
in Creta me had held.
Then most of all (but euer well)
thou stoodst in Phædras grace,
And chiefly tho thy piercesant loue
my yéelding hart did race.
Thy vesture was as white as snowe,
and head with garlands deckt:
Thy visage swart, was séemely then
with Rosie red infect.
Thy countnance which to other dames,
so clownish séemes and grimme
For clownish, comely Phædra thinkes,
her eye doth iudge it trimme.
Fie on those fond vnmanly men,
that séekes in nice attire,
Against their kind, the curious tricks
of women to aspyre.
Thée (Hippolyte) thy warlike face
and staring locks commend:
Thy countnance grymed all with dust
a comely shape doth lende.
Where ỹ with Raine dost rule thy heate
and gallop in the field:
I maruell at thy Arte, that so
canst force a Courser yéelde.

Or where thou with thy nimble arme
a thirling Launce dost cast:
I muse how such a slender Dart
should pierce the ayre so fast.
Or where thou hold thy hunting staffe
ytipt with stubborne steele,
Or ought doost els it glads my minde,
my hart the ioy dooth feele.
Wherefore this rigor to the woodes
and knarry trées expell,
I am not she that doth deserue
to die for louing well.
O to what purpose wilt thou put
Dianas feates in proofe,
And take from Venus all her due,
and stand from her aloofe?
For what so lacks successiue rest,
and respite after toyle?
Which should refresh the fainting lims
must néedes sustayne the foyle.
For tryall take thy crooked bowe,
and let it stand ybent,
And neuer cease to shoote, and thou
shalt féele his force relent.
Though Zephalus in silent woods,
were wont to wast his time,
And kill his game with dexter hand
when sauage were in prime:

Yet naytheleſſe to Auroras Couch
and Cabbin would he wend:
In lothed Tithons wonted rome
the ioyfull time to ſpende.
Not once, noꝛ twiſe, but ſundꝛy ſighes
the Goddeſſe Venus lay
With Adon in the wayleſſe woddes,
her pleaſures to aſſay.
So with the fayꝛe Aclantas loue
Sir Meleager glowde,
Whom in the pꝛowfe of perfit loue
the monſters ſpoile allowde.
So let vs now at length I pꝛay
be numbꝛed with the moe:
The rudenes of your chaſe appeares,
if Venus it forgoe.
My ſelfe will followe at a fote,
though rockie hilles ſay nay:
No gnaſhing Boꝛe wꝫ thꝛeatning tuſke,
thy Phædra ſhall affray.
Two ſeas there are ẏ with their waues
enuiron Iſtmos ſo,
That all the Iland heares the flouds
on either ſide that floe.
There I with thée in Trezen will
ſoiourne in Pitheus raigne:
Foꝛ now that ſoyle contents me moꝛe
than all my Countrey vaine.

Now

Now loytring Theſeus doth diſlodge,
not minding to retire
As yet, Perithous his frænd
his preſence doth deſire.
And leaſt we ſhould apparant trueth
with froward wyll denie:
That Pyrrith he preferres before
our loues we may eſpy.
And not this onely wrong (though thys
were much) we both endure:
But he in greater matters doth
our open wrong procure.
My brothers bones with baleful blowes
of knarry club he brake:
My ſiſter eke ſuſpecting naught,
thys Theſeus did forſake.
The chæfe of all the Amazons
for prowelle and for fame.
Thy mother was, who well deſeruds
great fauour for the ſame.
But if thou chaunce of her what is
become, demaund to make:
Thou ſhalt deſcry that ſhe her death
by Theſeus ſword did take.
And that before ſhe was conioynde
in mariage. Wote you why?
For thou baſeborne ſhould neuer raigne
and Princes rome ſupply.

And

And more then that, on me he gat
some Impes, whom Theseus wrath
Not mine (I witnesse all the Gods)
too soone bereued hath.
O Lord, what so she were aliue
that would thy spoyle intend:
Amidst her trauell would her life
by shamefull death might end.
Wherefore go to, do reuerence
vnto thy fathers bed:
Which he by his vnhonest meanes
and faithlesse slight hath fled.
Be not surprisde with foolish feare
nor rapt with gastfull awe,
That I thy lotted stepdame am
and thou my sonne in-lawe.
These rites and superstitions
by Saturn were maintaind:
But all such lawes in future time,
are like to be restraind.
That ruskie Saturn now is dead,
his statutes are all gone:
Now we follow Ioue, who gouerns all,
and raignes as Prince alone.
For Ioue as lawfull hath allowde
what so may breede delight:
And now the brother may his fayth
vnto his sister plight.

They whom Dame nature hath allyde,
and linkt by lawe of kinde,
By mutuall loue and friendly league,
the knot more firmely binde.
To kéepe in couert such delights
it is but slender skyll,
The cloke of kindred wyll procure
the world to iudge no ill.
When so our kyssing shall be séene,
or clipping close be know.
That I a stepdame am so kind,
to both our prayse wyll growe.
Thou shalt not néede to come by darke
or bléere the Porters eye,
By comming to the lodging late,
where I am wont to lie:
As we haue soiourned long yeare,
so we hereafter will:
And as we haue in open kisse,
so may we frankly still.
With me thou maist be safe and sounde
thy fact shall purchase fame:
And though thou in my bed were séene,
It wyl not brede thy shame.
Wherefore expell all fond delayes,
and hast to Venus ioy:
So Cupid, that on me doth rage,
procure thée none annoy.

Thou séest I take not in disdaine
in humble sort to sue.
Lord, where is all my pride become
and hautie words that flue.
I was in mind and fully bent
resistaunce to haue made,
Reuolting aye: but nowe I sée
no stay in louers trade.
Thus conquered, with erected handes
and falling at thy knée
I sue for grace. What best beséemes
we louers cannot sée.
Now honest shame hath fled my face
and makes no longer stay:
Relent, and since I doo confesse,
rydde rigour cleane away.
Since Minos that doth owe the Seas
my statelie Sire is knowne,
Since from my Grandsires weakfull (hands
the thundring bolts are thrown.
Since Phædra that doth make request
of Phœbus line discendes,
Who to the soyle his blazing bandes
for earthly comfort lendes:
(In this my loue great honor lurkes)
let noble stocks dissent,
(If Phædras sute may not be heard)
enforce thée to relent.

All

All Creta, where the mighty Ioue
was foſtred is my doweze:
Which I will wholy yéeld to thée
to vſe thereon thy poweze
Exile this ruthfull rage, my Dame
a ſauage Bull could moue:
Moze cruell then a bzutiſh beaſt
wilt thou thy ſelfe appzoue?
Foz Venus ſake I craue remozſe,
whom I dw honoz faine:
So graunt yée Gods that Hippolyte
may neuer loue in vayne.
Diana chaſt in ſilent woods
ſo pzeſt be at thy call:
And Lawndes ſo lend thée ſtoze of game
to glad thy mind withall.
So Satyrs, fréendly ſhewe your ſelues,
and Mountaine Panes eake,
So on the cruell tuſked Boze
thy Jauylaine mayſt thou bzeake.
So, (though ỹ hate ỹ hurtles Nymphes)
let Nymphes from Chziſtall floodde,
Allowe thée liquor to erpell
thy thyzſt in deſert wood.
Unto theſe mylde requeſts of mine
I added teares with all:
When ſo thou read the lynes, ſurmiſe
thou ſawſte the dzops to fall.

The

The Argument of the *fift Epiſtle, entituled* Oenone to Paris.

KYng Priamus *wife vvith childe,*
and neere her time did dreame
That she vvas brought a bed vvith flash
and flaming fierie ſtreame.
The doubtfull Sire demaundes
the Oracles aduiſe:
Which tolde that domage by the babe
to Troy *should ariſe.*
The father gaue in charge
the child should die the death:
The Dame deliuerd ſought the meane
to ſaue her babe his breath.
A hyard had the childe
that grovvne to mans eſtate,
Of Oenon *vvas enamoured,*
and tooke her to his Mate.
But vvhen the Ladyes ſtroue
for beautie, Paris *gaue*
His verdit on Dame Venus *ſide:*
that promiſde he should haue
In token of good vvill,
a paſſing vvench for hevve:
Meane while the Sire by ſecrete ſignes
his ſonne ſir Paris *knevv.*

To

The Argument.

To Greece *the gallant goes*
and ſteales Atrides *wife,*
That vvas the cauſe of vvailefull warre,
and roote of ranckling ſtrife,
Which vvhen Oenon *knevv*
(report had blaz'de it ſo)
Agreeude, ſhe made her iuſt complaint:
and prayd him to forgo
The vvrongfull Greekiſh rape,
and take her to his Feere,
The vvords ſhe vvrote with painfull pen,
began as you ſhall heare.

The fift Epiſtle.

Oenone to Parris.

TO Paris that was once her owne,
though now it be not ſo,
From Ida, Oenon gréeting ſendes
as theſe her Letters ſhow.
May not thy nouell wyfe endure
that thou my Piſtle reade?
That they with Grecian fiſt were wrought
thou néedſt not ſtand in dread.
Pegaſian Nymph renound in Troy
Oenone hight by name,
Of thée, (that art mine owne) complaine
if thou permit the ſame.
What froward God doth ſéeke to barre
Oenone to be thine?
Or by what guilt haue I deſerue
that Parris ſhould decline?
Take patienly deſerued woe
and neuer grutch at all:
But vndeſerued wronges wyll gréeue,
a woman at the gall.
Scarce were thou of ſo noble fame,
as flatly doth appeare:
When I (the offpring of a flood)
did chooſe thée for my Feere.

And

And thou which now art Priams sonne:
(all reuerence layd apart)
Were tho a Hiard to behold
when first thou wanst my hart.
How oft haue we in shadow layne,
whilst hungry flocks haue fed?
How oft haue we of grasse and groanes,
prepard a homely bed?
How oft on simple stacks of straw
and bennet did we rest?
How oft the dew and foggie mist
our lodging hath oppress?
Who first discouerd thée the holtes
and Lawndes of lurcking game?
Who first displaid thée where ẏ whelps
lay sucking of their Dame?
I sundry times haue holpe to pitch
thy toyles for want of ayde
And forst thy hounds to climbe the hils
that gladly would haue stayd.
The boystrous Béech Oenons name
in outward barke doth beare:
And with thy carving knife is cut
Oenon euery where.
And as the trées in time do ware
so doth increase my name:
Go to, grow on, erect your selues,
helpe to aduaunce my fame.

There growes (I mind it very well)
vpon a bancke, a tree
Whereon there doth a fresh record
and will remaine of mee.
Liue long thou happy tree, I say,
that on the brinck doth stande:
And hast ingraued in thy barcke
these words, with Paris hand.
When pastor *Paris* shall revolt
and *Oenons* loue forgoe:
Then *Xanthus* waters shall recoyle,
and to their fountaines floe.
Now Riuer backward bend thy course,
let Xanthus streame retier:
For Paris hath renowmd the Nymph
and prowde himselfe a lier.
That cursed day bred all my dole,
the winter of my ioy,
With clowdes of froward fortune
procurde me this annoy. (fraught
When cankred crafty Iuno came
with Venus, (Nurce of loue)
And Pallas eke, that warlike wench,
their beauties pride to prowue.
No soner heard I of that hap
which thou thy selfe didst tell
But streight through all my quiuering
a trembling feare there fell. (bones

And

And plunged all in doubtfull dreade,
of aged folkes I sought
What might this gastly matter meane:
some haynous thing they thought.
Then with a trice the trées were cut,
the timber went to wracke:
And tallowed Keeles did forrow seas
and made the Cables cracke.
At parture saltish teares were shed
thou canst but say the same:
In fayth this latter loue of thine
deserues the greater shame.
Then showres of brackish braine began
of eyther side to rayne:
And both repleate with gréefe alike
at parture gan to plaine.
Not Bacchus braunches so imbrace,
ne limber limmes of vine
Enuiron that whereof it growes
as thou this necke of mine.
How often were ỹ wroth with windes
when windes did serue thée well?
Thy iourney Mates began to smyle
when they thy sleights did smell.
How oft didst thou me swéetely kisse
and then vnkisse againe?
How did thy (last adue) procure
thy foltring tongue to payne?

With wished wind thy sayles were
that hung vpon thy Mast: (stuft
The waters wart as grœne as grasse
the Dares went on so fast.
With sight as long as sight would serue
thy Barcke I did pursue,
And when mine eye might see no moze,
my hart began to rue.
To grœne Neriedes I did sue
that thou mightst soone retire:
And I (to further this my wo)
thy gainecome did desire.
Whose comming is to others vse
procured by my sute:
(Alas) of all my trauayling toyle
a harlot hath the fruite.
A huge and haughty hill there is
that gapes into the flœdde,
Repelling all the waltring waues,
that beate his bancke a gœd.
From thence I toke my prime prospect
and knew full well thy ship:
A sodaine ioy well nigh hath made
me from the Mount to skyp.
But whilst I stayde I sawe in toppe
a purple banner shine:
Which colours made mee soze adzadde,
I knew they were not thine.

The ſhip that ſlacked not to ſayle
came by and by to ſhore,
With quaking heart I ſawe a Laſſe
I neuer knewe before.
Ne yet could ỹ perdie ſuffice,
(but wherefore made I ſtay)
The hatefull harlot out of hand
her manners did diſplay.
Then mourning gan I rent my Robes,
then beate I on my breſt:
And with vnfrændly fiſt my face
in waylfull wyſe was dreſt.
My yelling clamors Ida heard,
and witneſt all my woe:
I carred thither to my Cotte
my teares that fell as ſnow.
So graunt ye Gods that Helen rue
and ſpoyled of her Make,
Of theſe my grefes procurd by her,
the greateſt ſhare may take.
Now haſt ỹ brought thē home by Seas,
and ouer wandred waues:
That haue their loyall huſbands fledde,
and left as lothſome ſlaues.
But when thou were in vile eſtate
and led a Hiards life:
Whyle Paris had but Oenon tho
to his appromued wife.

I am not she that wayes thy wealth
thy Pallace moues me nought:
Ne to be Priams daughter I
by earnest sute haue sought.
Yet néedelesse is that Priam should
of such a daughter shame:
What should pzocure olde Hecuba,
to blush to be my Dame?
I well deserude, and very faine
a Pzinces spouse would be:
A Scepter would beséeme my hande
and passing well agrée.
Though I with thée in open holte
amid the sedge were séene:
Disdaine me not, a purple bed
were fitter foz a Quéene.
In fine my loue is voyde of dzead
thou nédst not warre at all:
Reuenger ships are not in sight
to sacke the Troian wall.
But hatefull Helen is requird
with wzeakfull warre againe:
This is a daintie dowze indéede
where blodshed is the gaine.
Aske Hectors counsell in this case
where thou shouldst her restoze:
Deiphobus, Polydamus,
with other Troians moze.

Let

Let sage Antenors tale be heard,
let Priam giue aduise:
For they by long expence of yéeres
haue gotten to be wise.
It is a shamefull thing in déede,
a strumpet to preferre:
The goodnesse of thy cause appeares,
the Gréekes do iustly warre.
Mayst thou assure her to be true
or ought in her affie,
Whom thou so quickly wanst wt words
and made her countrie flie?
As young Atrides doth lament
and sorrow this his fate,
And takes in gréefe a straunger should
enioy his wedded Mate.
So Paris shall in processe prowue,
and sweare that gaged faith
Once falsed, may not be restord
till life doe ende by death.
Put case shée loues thée (Paris) well,
so did shée loue the Gréeke:
But now the silly man is sole,
his Helen is to séeke.
Thrise happy was sir Hectors wife,
her luck was passing good:
Thou shouldst haue followde Hectors
and to thy bargaine stode. (trade

Woze light art thou thē partched leaues
when ſuck and ſap is loſt,
That with the wind foꝛ want of weight
from place to place are toſt.
In thée leſſe ſurety to be found,
then weight in beарde of Wheate,
That is ſurpꝛiſde with ſunnie rayes
and Phœbus feruent heate.
I call to mind thy ſiſters lawes
which tho I toke as vaine:
The Pꝛophetelle pꝛonownſt in pꝛoſe
that now is palling plaine.
What madnes makes thée thus inradge
to ſowe thy ſéede in ſand:
O Nimph (ſhe ſaid) with bootles plough
thou bꝛeakſt a barraine land.
A Gréekiſh Nayfer comes to Troy,
that both thy Country ſoyle
And thée, thy houſe, (which Gods foꝛe-
wyll bꝛing to vttcr foyle. (fend:)
With ſpéede goe ſinck ỹ ſhameful ſhippe
let dꝛowne the beaſtly Barck
That fraughted is with Phꝛygian blood
repleate with Troian carcke.
No ſoner had this Sibyll ſayd,
her Vaſſels thought her wood:
But I with quaking feare was rapt,
my hayꝛe erected ſtode.

Thy

Thy wordes (Cassandra) were of weight
thou art a Sibyll true:
The hayfer leaps within my leaze
that makes my hart to rue.
Surpassing though her beauty be
dishonest is her life,
That leaues her Country Gods, and is,
become a straungers wyfe.
Once was she earst away conuayde,
from Créece by Theseus theft
I wote not by what Theseus, but
by Theseus was she reft.
Might she with Maydenheade retyre
from such a wanton guest?
No, no, I know the trade of loue
as well as doth the best.
Well, pose it to be rape and stealth,
so cloake the crime with name
Yet she that was so often wrongde
assented to the same.
Oenon neuer swarude her best
though Paris were vniust:
Of right y shouldst haue béene beguilde,
in whom was slender trust.
Sage, swift, and séemely Satyrs woulde,
with me béene coupled faine,
Whõ they in leauie woods haue sought,
with great and grieffull paine.

The

The fonded Faunus oft in Ide
my frændshyp did requeſt:
Whoſe head with hurtleſſe hornes, and
of Pine was brauely drest. (bowes
The faythfull Phœbus (Troians truſt
and rampire) loude me well:
Untill ſuch time my daintie fruit
vnto ſir Phœbus fell,
And that by force: in proofe whereof,
I rent his golden heare,
And ſcratcht his face with froward fiſt,
the ſignes as yet appeare.
No iewels I,ne Gemmes receiude
for filthy lukers hyre:
T'is beaſtly ſo t'ingage the corps
for grædie mucks deſire.
Ye dæmde it recompence ynough,
hys Phiſicke to beſtow
Wy ſkilleſſe hand and barraine ſkull
he taught his Art to knowe.
What hearbe ſoeuer were of powrs
or vertue to recure,
To learne his force and lurcking might
I could my ſelfe aſſure.
Aye me,the moſte vnhappy wenche,
vnluckieſt vnder Sunne:
Though I in Phiſick haue good ſight
by loue my ſkyll is wunne.

Apollo

Apollo Phisicke that deuisde
Admetus flocke did fæde:
And had his godly brest incenst
with Oenons partching glæde.
But Paris wotst thou what? the health
that neither hearbes may lende
Ne Gods may graunt, thy friendly fist
at once to me may send.
Thou canst and I haue well deserude,
take mercy of a Wayde:
I come not like a Græcish foe,
Atrides powre to ayde.
But thine I am and from thy youth
thy louer haue I bæne:
And will whilst (lunges shal lende mee
thy faithful friend be sæne. (breath

The Argument of the *ſixt Epiſtle, entituled* Hypſiphile to Iaſon.

THe Oracle pronounſt
to Pelias, *that he*
Should then in daunger ſtand of death
vvhen he did chaunce to ſee
One barefoote, doing rytes
vnto his fathers ghoſt:
T'vvas Iaſons *hap to meete him,*
that by hap his ſhoe had loſt
In flood Auaurus *foord.*
The Vncle vvaying then
The prophecie to ſtand in doubt
of dreadfull death began,
To Colchos *he perſvvades*
the luſtie youth to fleete
To fetch the golden Fleeſe
a ſpoyle for ſuch a Gallant meeté,
In hope the daungers vvoulde
the vvanton vvight deuourd
Sir Iaſon *vvith a troupe of Greekes*
through choking channell ſcourde.
At Lemnos *he at length*
and all his route arriude,
An Ile vvhere curſed women had
their huſbands liues depriude.

Hypſiphile

The Argument.

Hypſiphile *the* Queene
did entertaine the Greeke
And all his traine for courteſie,
they neuer ſaw the like.
There twvo yeeres he ſoiurnde,
his Mates at laſt beſpake
Their Captaine and perſwades him thence,
his voyage on to take.
The Queene vvas great vvith Babe.
avvay the Grecians go,
Ariude at Colch *be vvanne the Fleeſe*
Medea *looud him ſo.*
The Conquerer connayes
the mayde vvith him to Greece,
Vvhich Queene Hypſiphile *bearing off,*
and of his pretie peece,
Repynde at Iaſon *ſore,*
that Medea *had poſſeſt*
The place vvhich she had vvonne before
by vſing vvell her gueſt,
She ioyes at his returne,
the Vvitch she ſellie hates,
And thus vvith ioyfull Iaſon *in*
her Piſtle she debates.

The

The sixt Epistle

Hypsiphile to Iason

THe flickring fame reports
that to Thessalia soyle
Thou art with luckie Barcke re-
enricht with goldē spoile. (turnd
I ioy (as much as thou
wylt giue me leaue mine owne)
To heare thy health, but yet I shoulde
thereof by letter knowne.
For that thou shouldst not leaue
my land at thy returne
Unséene: thou couldst not haue ý winds
to serue thy hoped turne.
Thou shouldst haue sent mee lines
though weather did not serue:
I stand assurd that Hypsiphil,
a gréeting did deserue:
Why came report before
thy Letters made me showe,
That bluddie Mars his sacred Bulles
the pinching yoke did knowe:
And that of scattred séede
there weapned wights arose:
And that thy balefull hand was prest
todeale them deadly blose:

And

And that the waker Feme
the glittering ſpoyle did kéepe:
Which thou in fine with manly hand
haſt reft the ſhining ſhéepe?
To ſuch as hardly woulde
beléeue the wonders tolde,
Yow bleſt were I, if I might vaunt
thus Iaſon wrote. Behold.
What ſhall I ſay thou haſt
not playd the huſbands part?
So I be thine, thy fréendſhip farre
ſurmounts my ſmall deſart.
The brute doth blaſt there is
a barbarous Witch arrinde
With thée, who hath me of my ſpouſe
and bridely bed depriude.
Loue lightlie wyll beleeue:
would to God I might be ſed
A raſhfull Dame, and falſe reports
of Iaſon to haue ſpred.
A gueſt of Theſſal came,
from Hemus parts of late,
Who ſcarſely had ſet foote within
my vnacquainted gate.
Howe fares my loue, (quoth I)
olde Æſons ſonne I pray?
But he with countnance caſt to ground
for ſhame had naught to ſay.

Then forth I skypt in haste,
and renting mine attire:
Lyues he (quoth I) or do the fates
my death also require?
He liues (quoth he) an othe
in proofe thereof I craue:
I made him sweare, yet to his Gods
I hardly credite gaue.
When to my selfe I came,
thy manly acts to knowe
I longde: and he how Mars his Bulles
had turnd the spoyle did showe.
He sayd that snakie teeth
for seede were cast on land:
And vpstart men with armour clad
both sword and shield in hand.
And that the earthly brode
in ciuill warre was slayne:
And in a day lost suddaine life
by sodaine death againe.
And of the Serpents fall,
againe where Iason liues
I aske. So hope and doubtfull dread
for cheefest credite striues.
Whilst he ech thing displayes
desirous for to prate:
He makes me shew how y hast wrongd
thy loyall spouse of late.

O where is plighted faith?
where nuptiall othes and band?
And that which should been cast in flame
I meane the spousall brand?
Thou knowst me not by stealth,
dame Iuno was in place,
(Who hath the marrige charge) & there
did Hymen shew his face.
But neither Iuno did
nor Hymen hold the light:
Some furie fell with bloodshot eyes
did frame this cankred spight.
Why I with *Minyes* did deale?
or Pallas sacred pine?
Or (Typhus) what hast thou to dw
with anie soyle of mine?
Here was no famous Ramme
with fleese of glowing gold:
In Lemnos was no Pallace for
your aged Prince to hold.
First was I fully bent,
but destny me withdrewe,
By womans powre to put them off
and wandring guestes subdue:
For Lemnian Ladies know
too well to warre with men:
My life with such a valiant troupe
should haue bëene garded then.

I gaue the man at once
my hoſtage and my hart:
For two yéeres date thou wert with me
and neuer didſt depart.
When third Autume came on
that thou of force were faine
To hoiſe thy ſailes, theſe wordes thou ſpakſt
with guſhing teares amaine:
Mine owne I muſt depart,
if Fortune ſay Amen,
From hence I paſſe thy ſpouſe, and wil
thy ſpouſe repaſſe agen.
The Impe within thy wombe
Gods grant that it may liue:
And we his parents both yfeare
a decent name may giue.
Thus much (I mind) thou ſpakſt,
when ſalted teares berainde
Thy falſed face, the remnant of
thy ſermon was reſtraind.
The laſt of all thy Mates
thou clambſt the ſacred Arge,
That ſpinde along, thy ſailes did ſtrout,
they had ſo great a charge.
The ſhip was ſhoude a pace
vpon the grayiſh flood:
Thou threwſt thine eyes to ſhore, & we
to ſeaward lookt agood.

There

There ſtandes a Turret by
that ouerlookes the place:
To whom I ran: and did with teares
imbzue both breaſt and face.
I loked thzough my teares,
mine eyes as frendly light
Had larger kenning then of courſe,
and farther ſtretcht his ſight.
Adde therevnto my vowes,
and Pzayers ioynd with dzed,
Which ſacred vowes I will perfitt
ſince thou haſt haplie ſped.
But ſhall I pay my vowes?
ſhall Medea them enioy?
My hart doth ake, and wzath with loue
combined doth annoy.
Shall I beare gifts to Church
oz be at charge at all?
To loſe my louing Iaſon ſhould
there anie Hayfer fall?
I was not calme in minde,
I alwayes ſtoode in awe,
Thy father would not entertaine
in Gréece a daughter law.
Of Gréece I was in dzéede,
but other wozke my woe:
I haue receiud a hurt of one
whom earſt I did not knowe.

By beauty noꝛ deſert
  thée wonne thée but by charme
With Sozcerers Sythe ſhe ſheares the
  whereby ſhe wozks thy harme. (graſſe
She ſaies from wonted track
  the wayward Wone to wzy:
And dimme with duſkie clowd ẏ ſkéedes
  that pzawnce in open ſkye.
She bzidles running ſtreames,
  and fléeting floods doth ſtay:
She makes the holts and ragged rocks
  foꝛ ioy to ſkip and play.
Diſſheueld with her locks
  ſhe walks by buriall graues:
And certaine of the lothſome bones
  from waſting flame ſhe ſaues.
She curſeth abſent wights,
  of Waxe ſhe pictures makes:
And pzickes with pins ẏ penſiue lunges
  wherewith the bowels akes.
Thus loue that ſhould be wonne
  with beauty and deſert:
Is got (which would I had not tride)
  by Yerbes and hurtfull Art.
What? canſt thou coll and clip
  oꝛ ſléepe in ſelfe ſame bed
With her, deuoyd of waking care,
  and frée from carking dzed?

As

As earſt ſhée yokt the Bulles
  ſo hath ſhe bound thée faſt:
And tamde thée as the Dragons fell
  were conquerd by her caſt.
So that ſhe ſpoyles both thée
  and all thy Mates of prayſe:
And by the meane of ſuch a wife
  the huſbands fame decayes.
In Theſſalie are ſome
  to poyſon that impute
Thy factes: and there will be ynough
  which will beléeue the bzute.
Not this old Æſons ſonne,
  but Oeetes daughter wzought:
T'was ſhe, not Iaſon, that the fléece
  of Gold from Colchos bzought.
Alke Alcimedes aduiſe,
  thy Dame doth this diſſéeke:
Thy father eke from chilly Kole
  who did a daughter ſéeke.
Let her to Tanays goe,
  and ſéeke in Scythian ſoyle,
Her louing ſpouſe, and gape for him
  from Phaſis farthelt gayle.
Fie, faithleſſe Iaſon, fie,
  moze light then windie blaſt:
Why doſt not thou thy painted wozds
  with déede confirme at laſt?

Thou partedst hence my spouse,
why art not so returnd?
O barre not that at gaincome which
at parture was not wournde.
If noble line thou like,
and gentrie moue thy mind:
That I King Thaos darling was,
and daughter maist thou find.
My Grandsire Bacchus was,
and Bacchus wife ycrowned
Doth farre surpasse the lesser lightes
that her environ round.
Lemnos shalbe my dowze,
As fruitfull as the best
To such as there soiourne: and me,
account among the rest.
Who now am brought abed,
let double ioy possesse
Thy hart, the father made the throwes
of trauaile séeme the lesse.
The number glads my mind,
(Lucina thanked be)
Of good successe, a luckie twin
to light are brought by mée.
Whose shape and shewe they beare
if thou demaund, I vaunt
Thou mayst be knowne by them, saue
the fathers fraude dow want. (they

Whom

Whom I was euen at point
by Legates to conuay,
Saue that the cruell stepdame was,
the onely cause of stay.
Medea made me dread,
who iustly may be thought
Worse then a stepdame, with her hand
eche cursed fact is wrought.
She that her brothers bones
and flesh could sling in field,
Rent first with cruell fist: would she
haue ruth vpon my child?
Yet her the fames reports,
(O wood and wretched wight)
That thou before Hypsiphyl
preferst with all thy might.
She going for a mayde,
hath playd a harlots cast:
But with vnspotted bridely chaine
we two were lincked fast.
Her father she betrayd,
I saude king Thaos life,
She fled from Colch, in Lemnos I
remaine thy louing wife.
But whereto? if a drabbe
an honest woman winne?
And that her crimes for ioynture haue
and stead of dowrie binne?

I blame the Lemnian Maydes,
I muſe not at their déede:
For dolour to the angry will,
bring weakfull tooles with ſpéede.
Say on, if forſt with windes
(as right did will thée doo)
Both thou and all thy troupe at once
my Port had commen too:
And I with this my brode
had met thée at the doore:
Then wouldſt thou not haue wiſht the
ping ſoyle the corpes deuoure? (gaſ-
(Unthriftie) with what face
vpon thoſe Babes and me
Wouldſt ỹ haue lokt? fie traitor what
had béene fit death for thée?
Thou mightſt haue liud at eaſe
and ſafe by my conſent:
Not for thou didſt deſerue ſo well,
but cauſe I did relent.
I with that witchleſſe bloode
my face ſhould haue imbrude,
And Iaſons eke, which with her herbes
the harlot did delude.
To Medea I ſhould
haue béene Medea then,
(And if in ſkies be any Ioue
that will giue eare to men)

As

As Hypsiphyle doth playne,
and sob alone her fill:
So let that beast (Medea) mourne,
plagude with her handie skill.
And as I loose my Impes
and am bereft my Make:
So graunt, that her as many babes
and husband may forsake.
Ne that she may retayne
but leaue with worser hap
Ill gotten goods: and banisht begge
her breade with dish and clap,
As louing sister shée,
and daughter eke hath beene
To father and to brother bothe:
Gods graunt she may be sene
So spytefull to her spouse,
and armde with yrefull rage
Euen to her tender children whom
she ought to garde in age.
When sea and land she hath
consumde, vp to the skye,
Let her goe rangle like a Rogue
and by selfe slaughter die.
Thus I bereft my spouse
King Thaos daughter pray:
In cursed Cabbin leade your liues
you beastly folkes I say.

The

¶ The Argument of the vii. Epiſtle, entituled Dido to Aeneas.

WHen Priam was oppreſt
and Troy was brought to ſack,
Æneas with his aged Sire
and Reliques on his back,
Ingagde himſelfe to ſeas
and shope his courſe aright:
But yet at length it was his lucke
in Libie land to light
By force of froward flood,
where Dido gan to rayſe
A ſtatelie towne. The courteous Queene,
the wandring Troian prayes
To make abode with her:
she likt Æneas ſo,
As hoſtage with her hart at once
on him she did beſtowe.
The meſſenger at length
from mightie Ioue was ſent
To new Carthago to dimaund
the Troian what he ment
In Libie land to lodge
and loyter ſo in loue,
And not to ſeeke the lotted land,
that was for his behoue.

Away

The Argument.

Away the Troian trudgde,
whoſe will when Dido *knew*
Was fullie bent to leaue her land:
the Princeſſe gan to ſue,
That eyther he would ſtay
according to his heſt,
Or graunt her ſpace to banish griefe
from her agrieued breſte.
When she had wasted wordes
and manie teares yshed,
At point of death the quinering Queene
thus to Æneas ſed.

The vii. Epistle.

Dido to Æneas.

EVen so when fates do call
ystretcht in moysted spring,
Upon Meanders winding bankes
the snowish Swanne doth sing.
Not for I thinke my wordes,
may ought prevayle I wryte:
For why? I know the haughty Gods,
at this my purpose spite.
But since my fame, my rorps,
and spotlesse mind are lost
By cankred hap: to waste my wordes
I reck it little cost.
Now art thou bent to passe
and leave poore Dido so:
And with the selfe same winds thy
and fickle fayth shall goe. (sayles.
Æneas now thou mindst
thy Navie with thy bowe
To lose: and seeke Italia land
but where thou dost not know.
Not Carthage built anewe,
ne yet the rysing wall,
No not my stately Scepter may
convart thy mind at all.

Thou

Thou flée'ſt the thing achiude
for thoſe that are not donne:
Thou haſt bæne in one land, and nowe
wilt to another runne.
Suppoſe thou find an Ile,
who will giue thée the place
To rule? will any yéeld his ſoyle
to men of forraine race?
New loue remaines for thée,
an other Dido eake,
With other troth to be impawnd,
which thou againe maiſt breake.
When will it be that thou
wilt builde Carthagos péere?
Or view from Turrets top a troupe
of ſuch as ſoiourne héere?
Though all theſe came to paſſe,
and thou hadſt wiſh at will:
Yet where wouldſt ỹ haue ſuch a ſpouſe,
to beare thée like good will?
Euen as a waxen Torch
with Sulphur toucht I borne,
Both day and night to Didos thought
Æneas makes returne.
Euen that vngratefull gueſt
that ſcornes the gifts I gaue:
And he, whom I might want full well,
as wiſedomes lore doth craue.

Yet

Yet hate I not the man
though he deserue despight:
But make complaint of his vntruth,
and lesse imbrace the wight.
O Venus vse her well
that married with thy sonne:
O Cupide, frend thy brother, let
him in thy number runne:
Or els let him (for why
I ne disdaine to loue)
Whom I began to fancie, force
me greater cares to proue.
I see I am deceiude,
his Image bleard my sight:
Ye differs from his mothers trade,
and swarues his manners quite.
The rocks and ragged hils,
and Okes in Mountaines bred,
Begat, and thou of brutall beastes
in desert hast béene fed,
Or of the gulfe which now
thou seest turmoyld with winde:
On whom (though waues rebel) to passe
thou fired hast my mind.
Why? whither fleest? the stormes
doo rage: let stormes haue powre
To ayde my case, see how the seas
do surge with Eurus scowre.

Let

Let me indebted be
to stormes, for that which I
Had rather owe to thée: more iust
than whom the waues I trie.
I am not so much worth,
(though thy desert be small)
That fléeing me by waltring Seas
thou lose thy life and all.
Thy hate is déere indéede
and of no slender price,
If whilst thou goe from me, to die
thou reck it but a trice.
Within a while the seas
will cease their swelling tide:
And Tricon with his grayish Stéedes
on calmed waues will ride.
O that with windes thou wouldst
exchange thy ruthlesse mind:
And so thou wilt, vnlesse of Okes,
thou passe the stubborne kind.
What if thou didst not know
how raging Seas could roare?
Yet thou that hast so often tride
wilt trauaile as before?
Though waues were nere so smoth
when thou should leaue the bay:
Yet dure and dolefull things God wote
might happen by the way.

And

And further, they that falſe
their fayth, in daunger are
On perillous ſeas: the place with them
for treaſons guilt doth warre.
And moſt when loue is wrong,
cauſe Venus hath bëene thought
T'haue had her offſpring of the waues
that in Cytheris wrought.
I feare leaſt I vndoone,
ſhall be thy cauſe of woe:
Or leaſt by wrack of ſhip I ſhould
endaunger thée my foe.
I pray thée liue, for ſo
I may reuenged be
Farre better then by death: thou ſhalt
be ſaid to murther me.
Put caſe that thou were caught
with ſway of whirling winde:
(But vaine be this abodement fell)
what then would be thy mind?
Then wouldſt thou oft reuoke,
to thought the Phrygian tongue,
That did pronounce the periurd talke
which wrought poore *Didos* wrong.
Before thine eyes the forme
and Idoll of thy Fére
Deceiude, would ſtand in ſaddeſt ſort,
with bloody feltred héere.

Thy

Thy selfe would grant, thou hadst
deserud these tormẽts all:
And thinke the thunder cast on thee
what so should hap to fall.
Wherefore giue time to wrath
and rage of roaring flood:
Great is the price of little stay,
thy passage will be good.
Hast no respect to me?
yet spare Iulus breath:
Sufficeth thee to haue beene thought,
the Author of my death.
What power Ascanius hath
or Country Gods deserud?
The Sea shall sinke the Saintes which (were
from Phrygian flame preserud.
But neither thou thy Sire
ne priuate Gods didst beare
Vpon thy backe: thy vaunting crakes
these to Elisa were,
Thou lyest at euerie word,
not now thy tongue doth ginne
To gloze, ne I the first in trap
and guilefull snare hath binne.
If question were what of
Iulus Dame became:
Her cruell husband her forsoke
to his eternall shame.

This thou to me displayst,
which made my brest to bend:
Much soner will my torment finde
than this my crime an ende.
And I do nothing doubt
but that thy guilty mind
Wil thée condemne, Thou seaven yeres
no resting place couldst finde. (space
At length I gaue thée port,
cast vp on blissfull shore:
And did infeffe thée with my Realme
thy name scarce told before.
Would Gods this had beene all
the friendship I had showne:
And that report of bedding had
not beene so lightly blowne.
That day procurde my bale
in which for suddaine raine
That pourde adowne, to couch in one
selfe caue we both were faine.
I heard a voice, I thought
the Nymphes had howld for ioye:
But they were furies that forespake
of this my fell annoy.
Now broken fayth I owde
to olde Sychæus name,
On me take vengeance that to hell
must goe bereft of shame.

In

In shrine of Marble made
I haue Sycheus bones,
Wthom boughes and snowwhite fléese
appointed for the nonce. (shrowde
Foure times with wonted mouth
he calld me to the place:
To whō with whispering voice he sayd,
come Dido, come apace.
Without delay I came
sometime thy wedded Féere:
But this my shamefull fact procurde
me slacker to appéere.
Forgiue my fault, alike-
lie man hath me betrayd:
And one that hatred of the fact
and foule despight hath staid.
His Dame a heauenlie wight,
his Sire on shoulders borne
Did force me iudge he would haue staid
and not haue béene forsworne.
If néedes I must haue errde,
this error hath a shéwe
Of iust pretence: Be true and then
I shall not yrke it so.
But as my life at first
vnluckie was begunne:
Euen so the tenor of the same
to latter day doth runne.

At sacred Altars slaine
my husband fell to grownd,
And of the fact the spoyle vnto
Pigmalion did redound.
I as a wight exilde
my natiue soile did loose:
And left the cinders of my spouse
perusde by weakfull foes.
At length escaping Seas
and brothers wrath, was brought
To coast vnknowne, where al the soyle
I gaue to thee I bought.
I framde it vp a towne,
and with farre stretching wall
Enuirond it, to neighbour townes
which was a deadly gall.
Then battels broyle began,
with warre a forraine wight,
And silly woman was pursude
when gates was scarcelie pight.
A thousand sutors came
which ioyntlie did complaine
That I a rascall had preferd,
and had them in disdaine.
Why staggerest thou to yéelde
me to Hiarbas handes?
My selfe will stretch mine armes a-
to bide thy cursed bandes. (brode

I haue a brother eke
whose hungry hand doth long
For Didos blood, as earst it did
Sichæus life to wrong.
Lay downe thy Gods prophand
and reliques brought to land:
It fits thée not such sacred thinges
to touch with hurtfull hand.
If thou of force were be
that should transport the same,
Reserude from fire: no force had béene
if they had burnt in flame.
(Unthrift) perhaps thou leauest
thy Dido great with child:
And in my wombe is part of thée
whom so thou hast beguilde.
The Miser Impe will adde
vnto his mothers death:
So thou shalt kill a sillie babe,
that neuer tasted breath.
Iulus brother with
his Dame shall so be slaine:
And one selfe torment shall bereue
the liuely powres of twaine.
But God doth force thée flée,
would God had kept away
Such guilefull guests, and Troians had
in Carthage made no stay.

No doubt that God procures
the wayward windes to blow:
And makes thée walk the wearie time
in sandie seas so slowe.
As when that Hector liude
if Troy stoode againe,
To passe to Troy thou scarcely shouldst
endure a greater payne.
But not to Symois thou
but Tiber mindes to passe:
Arriued there, yet shalt thou be
a straunger naythelesse.
Thou séekst a lurking land
and vncouth place to holde:
Which scarce would be thy lot to find
till thou be waxen olde.
Ambages layd apart,
moze better were foz thée
Pigmalions welth to haue in hand
and soiourne hære with me.
With luckie hap to Tyre
thy Troian stock transpoze:
And sacred Scepture hold in hand
in place of Pzincely poze.
But if thou long foz warre,
oz young Iulus séeke
By manly Wart to purchase pzayse
and giue his foes the gléeke:

Cause

Cause naught shall want, he shall
haue foes to wreake his wrath:
This place of lawes & armes good store
and broyling battels hath.
For olde Anchises sake
and bowe of Venus. Boie:
For all those sacred Gods which thou
hast safely brought from Troy.
So Gods agrée that they
which from thy Countrie came,
May *Victors* be, and all mishap
conuert to gladsome game:
And young Ascanius liue
white siluer locks to haue.
And olde Anchises browsed bones
may lodge in quiet graue:
I pray thée spare the house
that yéldes it selfe to thée.
Saue that I loude, what crime at all
mayst thou impute to me?
Not I from Pthia came,
ne from the Mycene lyne:
My husband ne my father were
no spitefull foes of thine.
Thine Hostesse let me be
if of thy spouse thou shame:
So I remaine thy Dido still
I force not on the name.

The waues on Afrus bankes
that beate I know full well:
Sometime they fauour passengers,
sometime they do rebell.
Then launch thy ship from shore,
when weather doth apply:
But now the windes will let thy Barck
on waltring Seas to hie.
Giue me in charge to marke
the tide, and then be bolde
To forrow floods: though thou wouldst (stay
then will I not withhold.
Thy wearie wandring Mates
do lack and looke for rest:
Thy Nauie faine would stay, till time
her tackle were adrest.
For my deserts and that
which after I shall owe
To thée, for marrige hope do not
as yet thy thrall forgoe:
Till surge of Seas do cease
and loue do temper trade:
Meanewhile for to sustaine the worst
I stronger shall be made.
If not, I mind to waste
my lothsome life ere long:
It is but for a time that thou
shalt worke powre Dido wrong.

Mine

Myne Image whilst I writte
O that thou sawste with eye:
I writte, and in my lap the while
thy Troian swoꝛd doth lye:
Downe by my cheekes the teares
vpon the weapon fall:
Which now in steede of bꝛine with
shall be imbꝛued all. (bloode
Full well thy gifts agrée
to this my wꝛetched fate:
My graue shall be small charge to thée
vnsitting to my state.
Not nowe my bꝛest at fyrst
with cruell Launce is pierst
That place with dure and deadly dint
hath Cupid crazed earst.
Thou sister (Anne) that wast
of counsell in this case:
Now offer vp thy latter bone
to *Dido* in the place.
When that my coꝛps is burnt,
I will not then be sed
Sichæus Dido: on my Herse
this scripture shall be red.
Aeneas gaue the cause,
and sword wherewith I dyde
But desperate *Dido* on her selfe
her ruthles hand hath tryde.

The Argument of the viii. Epistle, entituled Hermione to Orestes.

BEfore the stirre at Troy, to Pyrrhus was
Hermion by sir Menelaus behight:
The father hauing cause frõ Greece to passe
To quaile the courage of his foes in fight,
Left all the rule to Tyndarus that than
Despoused Hermion to an other man.

Orestes had a promise of the peece,
Who thought himselfe assured of a Mate:
But when proud Pyrrhus made returne to Greece
He reft the Mayd when she pursude with hate:
For that indeede she loude Orestes so,
As loth she was vvith Achylls sonne to goe.

But choyse vvas none to choose: she naythelesse
By secrete stealth aduertisde him that she
Might rescude be, and from his prison passe.
Which fell in fine: for vvhen Ægysthus her
The Lecher had despoyld and Mother eake
Orestes gaue Achylles sonne the gleake.

The viii. Epistle.

Hermione to Orestes.

TO him that both my spouse of late
and brother was I wright:
My brother now, for of my spouse
another hath the right.
That Pyrrhus, that Achylles steps
for courage doth ensue:
Gainst law and right hath closde me vp,
and kéepes me fast in mue:
As much as lay in me to dw
I stoutly did withstand:
But I could dw no more then might
a weake and womans hand.
What dost thou (Pyrrhus) now, quoth I,
will none reuenged be
Thinkst thou? I am but as a May-
den seruaunt vnto thée.
We differ then the ruthlesse waues
when I (Orestes) cald:
We by the locks with cruell hand
into his Cabbin halde.
If Troian Dames me thrall had tane
or Lacedemon wonne:
I should no worse haue béene abusde
then now by Achylls sonne,

More

Yoze friendlie found Andromache
Achaias famous ſoyle:
When with the gaſtlie Grecian flame
the Troian wealth did byoyle.
But oh Oreſtes (if to mee
thou haue reſpect at all)
Lay hands on that which is thine owne,
and to thy bootie fall.
What? if by fallhoode from thy folde
thy flocke be boyne away,
Wilt thou take armes? & foy thy ſpouſe
to fight in field wilt ſtay?
Let Menelaus myyrour be
that foy his rapted wife
Did vndertake ſuch honeſt warre
and ſtird ſuch ſtatelie ſtrife.
Who if had ſlept and ſlugde at home
oy loytred like an Aſſe:
My Dame had bæne to Paris linckt,
as to my Sire ſhe was.
Thou haſt no nœde a thouſand ſhippes,
oy bending ſayles to haue,
Noy any Græciſh Souldiers helpe,
thy onely ayde I craue.
Yet rather ſo (than not at all,)
I ſhould be ſet againe:
Tis famous foy a man to fight
if wedlock ſuffer ſtaine.

What

What? was not Grandsire to vs both
Atreus king Pelops sonne?
At least thou art my brother, if
the marrige were vndoone.
I pray thée brother, helpe thy Si-
ster, Husband helpe thy Féere,
A double title will procure
thée in my cause to stéere.
My Grandsire for his aged yéeres
and wisedome passing graue,
(Who of his Néece had all the rule)
me to Orestes gaue:
To Pyrrhus not acquainted with
the match, my father vowd:
But most of both by Grandsires déede
as eldste should be allowde.
When I with thée conioynd, I wrongd
none by my spousall right;
But if I linckt with Pyrrhus, then
from thée I am not quite.
My father Menelaus will
winck at my fact, I know:
For cause himselfe hath felt the force
of winged Cupids bowe.
That will he graunt his sonne in lawe
which he himselfe hath loude.
My Dames example aydes my case
that Venus sports hath prowde.

Loke what my Sire is to my Dame,
euen that art thou to me:
The slipper practise Paris playd,
with Pyrrhus doth agrée.
And he is stowte and stately for
the facts his Syre hath done:
So thou mayst bragge and boast vpon
the spoyles thy father wonne.
Who all the troupe of Tantals traine,
Achylles eke did lead:
A chiefetaine he among the Dukes,
a Souldier stoute at néede.
Thy Grandsire great king Pelops was,
and Pelops worthy Syre,
And if thou count aright from Ioue
thou art the fift esquire.
Thy manhode is well knowne ynough
thou foughtst I wote well whan:
But what shouldst thou do in that case:
thy mother slue the man.
Would God vpon a better cause
thy stoutnes had béene wrought:
Yet dare I vaunt the cause was giuen
to thée, and neuer sought.
But thou didst bring it to effect
that Ægythe did with gore
Of gaping wound defile the floure
as had thy Syre before.

And

And therefore Pyrrhus often prates,
and to reproch doth wyte
Thy earned prayse, and yet endures
my presence with his eye.
I fret, and as my face doth puffe,
so swelles mine inward mind:
And burning breast with silent flame
of dolor scorcht I finde.
Before Hermions face imbrayded should Orestes bee:
I want but force and brainsick blade
to be reuengde for thee.
But wepe and wayle I may my fill
which lessens part of woe:
And downe on eyther side my face
my teares as condutes flow.
Them onely to commaund I haue,
and out I poure them still:
Alongst my stayned cheekes eche houre
the welling teares do tril.
This fortune followes all our race
and to our age is brought:
And all that are of Tantals line
a seemely rape are thought.
I will not heere alleage the lyes
of false and fayned Swanne:
Ne yet complaine that Ioue in plume
did lurk both God and man.

Where

Where Iſtmos ſtretching out at length
two Seas did ſo deuide:
Hippodamie on waxen wheéles
and counterfait cart did ride.
Fayre Helen once conuayd away
by craftie Theſeus traine:
By Caſtor and ſir Pollux was
in fine reſtord againe.
The ſelfe ſame Lady through the Seas
by Troian gueſt was brought:
For whom the noble Greekiſh Peéres
in wreakefull manner fought.
I ſcarce remembred, yet I mind
how tho the people wept,
In mournefull mode: and diſmall dread
into their hearts is crept.
The Grandſire gronde, the ſiſter ſobde,
the brothers gan to hoyle:
Lamenting Leda with the Gods
and Ioue did kéepe a coyle.
And I with locks not long as then
rent all about my heade
Exclaimde, O mother leauſt me thus:
and from thy child art fled?
(For then her huſband was a lack)
and leaſt I ſhould be ſed
No Impe of Pelops brode, I am
a pray by Pyrrhus led.

O that Achylles had béene frée
and ſcapt Apollos bowe:
Then would he blame the beaſtly rage
of Pyrrhus pryde I knowe.
It neuer pleaſd, ne now would like
Achylles, if he liude,
To heare a wifebound Wight lament
of liked loue depriude.
What guilt of mine hath made ẏ Gods
and heauenlie powers ſo rage?
What curſed ſtarre might I accuſe
to gouerne this my age?
My dame I was bereft in yonth,
my father waged warre:
And though they both did liue, yet I
from them was kept afarre.
Not I to thée in tender yéeres,
nor Cradle clowtes did cry
Deare mother mine: nor from my lips
the liſping words did flie.
Ne did I with my pliant armes,
thy ſæmelie necke vnfolde:
Nor thou vpon thy louing lap
thy babling Brat didſt holde.
No carke of clothing me, no care
did pierce thy penſiue breſt:
Ne didſt thou cauſe a marrige bed
for Bridewife to 'be dreſt.

But when thou didſt returne againe
(the troth I not denie)
I met thée, but my Mothers face
I could not then deſcrie.
But for thy beautie did ſurpaſſe,
for Helen thée I tooke:
And thou didſt make enquirie then,
and for thy daughter looke:
Good hap in one reſpect I had,
that Oreſte was my Make:
But he vnleſſe he fight it out
Hermion muſt forſake.
We Pyrrhus as a Vaſſell kéepes
though *Victor* be my Sire:
This goodly guerdon haue I gaine
for Troy that burnt with fire.
When golden Titan gins to guilde
his gliſtring ſteades by day.
Then I (vnhappy wench) ſome eaſe
of penſiue payne aſſay.
No ſoner blackfaſte night doth growe,
in howling ſort I hie.
Vnto my cankred carefull couch
appointed there to lie.
In place of ſwéete and ſlumbring ſléepe
mine eyes with teares do floe:
And from the man in all poſt haſt
I flée as from a foe.

Oft times mishaps doo make me muse,
vnmindfull of my case
I touch with hand proude Pyrrhus parts
vnwitting of the place.
I leaue to touch the man as soone
as euer I know the fact:
And thinke my hands pollated straight
with such a shamefull act.
Oft times for Neoptolemes name
Orestes doo I call:
And loue the error of my tongue,
right well content withall.
I sweare by this vnluckie line
and Lord of all the race,
That land and seas, yea haughtie skyes
afrayes with frowning face:
And by the bones of him that was
mine Vncle and thy Sire:
Who owes thée for reuenge of those
that did his death conspyre:
Or I will in these flowing yéeres
abandon lothsome life:
Or I (that came of Tantals brood)
will be Orestes wife.

But when thou didst returne againe
(the troth I not denie)
I met thée, but my Mothers face
I could not then descrie.
But for thy beautie did surpasse,
for Helen thée I tooke:
And thou didst make enquirie then,
and for thy daughter looke:
Good hap in one respect I had,
that Oreste was my Make:
But he vnlesse he fight it out
Hermion must forsake.
We Pyrrhus as a Vassell kéepes
though *Victor* be my Sire:
This goodly guerdon haue I gaine
for Troy that burnt with fire.
When golden Titan gins to guilde
his glistring steades by day.
Then I (vnhappy wench) some ease
of pensiue payne assay.
No sooner blackfasse night doth growe,
in howling sort I hie.
Vnto my cankred carefull couch
appointed there to lie.
In place of swéete and slumbring sléepe
mine eyes with teares dow sloe:
And from the man in all post hast
I flée as from a foe.

Oft times miſhaps doo make me muſe,
vnmindfull of my caſe
I touch with hand proude Pyrrhus parts
vnwitting of the place.
I leaue to touch the man as ſoone
as euer I know the fact:
And thinke my hands polluted ſtraight
with ſuch a ſhamefull act.
Oft times for Neoptolemes name
Oreſtes do I call:
And lous the error of my tongue,
right well content withall.
I ſweare by this vnluckie line
and Lord of all the race,
That land and ſeas, yea haughtie ſkyes
affrayes with frowning face:
And by the bones of him that was
mine Vncle and thy Sire:
Who owes thée for reuenge of thoſe
that did his death conſpyre:
Or I will in theſe flowring yéeres
abandon lothſome life:
Or I (that came of Tantals brode)
will be Oreſtes wife.

Oft

The Argument of the *ix. Epiſtle, entituled*

Deianeira to Hercules.

THe heauie ſtepdame Iuno *by her fraude*
And friend Euryſtheus, *purpoſde to deſtroy*
Alcydes: *for the Prince of* Mycene *land*
Stirde him to conquer monſters. But with *laude*
And life he ſcapt away, nor had annoy
By anie beaſt the Champion tooke in hand:
Bulles, *Dragons, Dogges, and Semitaures he ſlewe,*
And aye more greene his gotten glorie grewe
He conquerd all till filthy loue at length
Of King Eurytus *daughter made him thrall,*
Whoſe Sire and Countrie he had earſt atchiude:
Fled was his force, ſtint was his ſtatelie ſtrength,
To ſpinne and carde he thought no ſhame at all,
Nor of his Lyons ſpoyle to be depriude:
Which Deianeira *hearing by report,*
(His louing wife*) ſent to him in this ſort.*
Amid whoſe *lines and letters that she* wrought
Came newes (a dolefull thing to written *heere)*
And tydings, that the shirt the wife *had ſent*
Alcydes *bane, and ſpiteſull ſpoyle had brought.*
The louing wife *had ſlaine her manlie Feere,*
Which she poore ſillie woman *neuer meant.*
But to requite her husbands death with *paine,*
At point to hang her ſelfe thus gan she plaine.

The

The ix. Epistle.

Deianeira to Hercules.

OEchalia to be wonne
I ioy to heare the fame:
It grieues me that the *Victor* should
haue yéelded to the same.
Repoꝛt was bꝛought of late
to Grecia that agrées
Full yll with any fact of thine
the tales we heard were these,
That whom not Iuno coulde
noꝛ dꝛeadfull trauayles foyle,
The selfe same man had Iole made
in seruage yoke to toyle.
Eurystheus would it so,
and Iuno passing faine
Would learne that thou with such a crime
thy foꝛmer facts would stayne.
What? t'was not thou I trowe
that could not be conceyude.
In one whole night? I thinke herein
my selfe to be deceiude.
Moꝛe domage Venus doth
than Iuno earst to thée
This rayse thée vp by spitefull hate,
she makes thée bend I sée.

Behold the woꝛld by thée
that liues at quiet eaſe,
As wyde as watrie Nereus gyꝛdes
the ground with frothie ſeas.
The greater part of earth,
and all the floods as farre
As both Apollos lodges reach
to thée indebted are.
The ſkies thou haſt ſuſtaind
that ſhall thy carkaſſe beare:
And Atlas holpe thée at a pinch
when thou to wearie were.
But what ſaue open ſhame
by theſe thy facts is got?
Iſ thoſe thy valiant feates of armes
with bawdie rule thou blot?
Do men repoꝛt that thou
(foꝛ Ioue a woꝛthy child)
In cradle craſht two crawling Snakes?
in fayth they are beguilde.
That Babe was better farre
than is this bourelie man:
Thou nothing makſt an end ſo well
as thou thy déedes began.
Whom not a thouſand heaſtes
noꝛ Steneleus atchiude,
Noꝛ Iuno could foꝛ all her ſpite:
hath craftie Cupid guide.

But for I am the wife
of Hercules, and he
My fatherlaw that guides the Skies,
and lets the thunder flée:
I am surmisde a happy dame
and maried well to be.
Howe yll vnegall Steares
in painfull Plough accorde:
So yll a simple woman matcht
with such a statelie Lord.
No honour commes thereby
but burthen and debate.
Who so will well be wedded, wed
with one of thine estate.
My husband is alacke,
my spouse is absent aye:
A straunger better knowne to me
he dreadfull beastes doth stay.
I in my desert home
do nought but wishe affright,
And fore tormented least my spouse
be spoyld of foes in fight
And the Serpents I
and grædie Lyons pawes,
And tusked Boares am tost, in feare
I stand of gaping iawes:
Of dogs, that w̄ their téeth frō bones
wyll rent thy flesh by flawes.

And me debowled beastes,
and ydle dreames of night,
With griesly pictures of the dead
do make me sore afright.
For fléeting fame I hunt
and rumors rashly spred:
By doubtfull hope is feare exilde,
and hope by feare is fled.
Thy mother is alack,
and gréeuously doth grutch
That to haue likt the mighty Ioue
her destenie was such.
Amphytrion is away,
whom men surmisde to béene
Thy Sire: and Hyll the stripling eke
of vs can not be séene.
Eurystheus that doth forge
the cruell Iunos wrath
Is felt of vs: endurd to long
the Goddesse anger hath.
But these are trifles, oh,
thou addest forraine loue:
And eche may be a mother made
by thée that list to prowe.
I spare to speake as now
of Auge whom ere while,
(Alcide) amid Parthenian vales
thou fowly didst defile.

And thée (Aſtydame) I mind
of purpoſe to concele.
Ne meanes thy wife God wote
Teuthracian trulles to name
(Of whom there ſcapt not one vntoucht)
to bꝛæde thy farther ſhame.
A recent crime there is
a foule yll fauoured iade,
That vnto Lamus me of late
a motherlawe hath made.
Meander (that ſo oft
in one ſelfe circle runnes,
And eke rebounding waues againe
vpon his ſhoulders ſhunnes)
Sawe when about thy necke
there hung a chaine of golde:
That neck that thought the burthẽ light,
the Welkin to vphold.
What? didſt thou nothing ſhame
thoſe bꝛawned armes of thine,
With Goldſmiths woꝛke, w̃ glittring
and olwches bꝛaue to bine? (Gemmes
Euen thoſe ſelfe armes (I ſay)
the Lyons life that reft:
Whoſe noble ſpoyle foꝛ mantell ſerues
vpon thy ſhoulder left?
What? didſt thou dare alſo
vpon thy curled heare,

(For which a Popple sitter was)
a mytred Hat to weare?
Ne didst thou blushe in guise
of Lydian Lasse to don
A silken Scarfe, and Riband fine
thy bourley waist vpon?
Was Diomede forgot
that cruell Carle then?
That fatted vp his trampling steades
with flesh of murthred men?
In such a nice attire
if Busyre thée had séene:
No doubt he would haue scornd of thée
vconquerd so to béene.
Let Antæus lose for shame
these iewels from thy throte,
For feare he loth that thou the palme
in wrestling collars gote.
T'is blasted that thou stoodst
of womans threates in awe,
And eake amyd Meonyan Maides
the twysted twine didst drawe.
What? didst thou nothing shame
that hand with flare to foyle,
That had long earst in valiant fight
ygot so manie a spoyle?
With thwacking thombes thou drawst
a very boystrous thréde:

And

And to thy ſtately Miſtreſſe yéeldſt
a iuſt account with dréede.
How often whilſt thou ſponne
with fingers nothing fine,
Amid thy crabbed cruſhing handes
hath crackt the twiſted twine:
And ſtanding of the whyp
in trembling feare, they ſay
That thou before thy Miſtreſſe féete
in dréede of laſhing lay.
And ſpoyles ylaid a part
of gotten prayſe the price,
Thou toldſt thy déeds that ſhould beene
conceald in anie wiſe. (tho
To wit, in cradle how
the crawling Snakes thou ſlue:
And rent their gaping iawes in two
and did their force ſubdue.
And howe Tægean Boare
in Erymanthus lyes:
And with his weight dooth wrong the
ſo monſtrous is his ſies. (ground
Thou dwſt not let to tell
of *Diomedes* hed
Fixt on his Thracian gate, his Stéedes
with fleſh of man that fed.
And of the triple beaſt
Geryon thou didſt boaſt:

That

That for his heird the welthyeſt was
in all the Spaniſh coaſt.
And of the helliſh hounde,
that Cerberus was height
(Thrée headed Curre,) whoſe pate with (locks
of Snakes was fowly freight.
The ſerpent eke, whoſe woundes
reſerude him from the death,
And gaſhing ſcotches giuen afreſh
infect with bitter breath.
And how Antæus hung
with broken iawes betwyne
The left ſide (an vnfauourd wight)
and ſhowlders right behine.
Ne doſt thou then conceale
how Centaures thou didſt chaſe
(That double ſhaped were, and darſt
not truſt their legges in place)
Athwart Theſſalian craggie cliffes
and made them runne apace.
And canſt thou clad perdie
in Sidon ſoft aray,
And womans nyce attyre, for ſhame
haue anie word to ſay?
Beſide the Iardan Nymph
vpon her ſhoulders threw
Thine armour, and did conquere thée
that Monſters didſt ſubdue.

Goe

Goe nowe, and proudely vaunt
thy noble dédes of fame:
A man thou shouldst not bæne of right
the best deserude the same.
Than whom so much thou art
inferiour, how much more
Thou stronger were than such as thou
hadst slaine with hand before.
She hath atchiude the fame
of all thy former déedes:
To her as to thy lawfull heyre
thy purchalde prayse procédes.
Oh, shame: the shagheard case
the Lyons rybbes bereft,
Enuirond rownd a womans corpes
and to her carkasse cleft.
Tushe, thou art fowle deceiude,
no Lyons spoyle it is,
But thine, thou slewste the beast, and she
hath conquerd thée ywis.
A woman bare thy darts
with venom ranck that were
And Hydras beastly bloud imbrude,
in hand that scarce could beare
A Distaffe fraught with flare:
thy knarrie club she helde,
And gazing in a shining glasse
thine armour she beheld.

This

This bruite I heard, but gaue
no credit to the same,
But yet from eare some part of griefe
vnto my senses came.
But now before thy face
the hatefull Whore doth ride:
Nor I the secrete smart I féele
haue farther powre to hide.
Thou wilt not haue her gone.
she palleth through the stréete
A captiue: whom of force wee sée.
not as a captiue méete:
With tresses hanging downe
declaring her estate,
And hidden face to shew that chaunce
hath giuen her the Mate:
But braue in beaten gold
she palleth to and fro:
As thou ere this in Phrygia were
accustomed to goe.
From stately seate she yéeldes
the people such a chéere,
As though Oechalia stode againe
and eke her father déere
Did liue, and thou (Alcydes) by
Euritus conquerde were.
Perhaps diuorcement made
twixt Deianeire and thée,

No more thy drab this hatefull Whore
but wedded wife shall be.
Th'abodement makes me feare,
the chillie colde my corse
Doth ouerrunne, my hand doth lye
in bed withouten force.
And me among the reast
as wife with honest zeale
Thou hast pursude: I cauld thée twise
with warlike toles to deale.
For Achelous vp
his broken hornes did take
With dréerie chére that lay dispersst,
and hid in durtie Lake
His maymed front & crowne ycrackt
for Deianeiras sake.
The Monster Nessus with
thy deadly dart was slaine,
And with his Horses gorie blood
the waters did distaine.
But whereto write I this?
for tydings now is brought,
The shirt I gaue my husband hath
hys cruell death ywrought.
Aye me, what haue I done?
what forst me this to trie?
O Deianeira, O cursed wench,
why dost thou doubt to die?

And

And shall thy noble Fére
in Oeta Mount be rent?
And thou survive that were the cause
and wrought that foule intent?
What now remaines to make
a perfite proofe that I
Was Hercles wife? the truth therein
my dolefull death shall trie.
Thou Meleager in me
thy sister shalt descrie:
O Deianire, O cursed wenche
why dost thou doubt to die?
O linage of mishap,
O haples house I say:
My aged Syre Oeneus lives
at poynt of last decay.
Tideus my brother is
a poore exiled Squire,
The tother fryde by Mothers meanes
alive in fatall fire.
My Dame upon her corps
the cruell sword did trie:
O Deianeire, O cursed wench,
why dost thou doubt to die?
By geniall rights I craue
this onely thing of thée
Not to surmise this wicked death
of purpose ment by mée.

For

to *Hercules*,
For Nessus stroke with Dart,
declard me that his blood,
Would forcen loue, and sayd it was
for that exceeding good.
I sent a Shirt to thée
imbrude therewith to trye:
O Deianeire, O cursed wench,
why dost thou doubt to die?
Nowe crooked Sire farewell.
and sister Gorge adue:
Thou Country with my brother erilde
farewell I say to you.
And thou that art so like
to be the latter light
Mine eyes shall sée: and Hercules
my spouse (O that thou might)
And little Hyl (my pretty Boy)
I bid you all good night.

The Argument of the x. Epiſtle, entituled Ariadne to Theſeus.

ANdrogeus *by deceit vvas doone to death*
And murthered by the men of Athens *townne:*
King Minos *vvarde to vvreake his loſſe of breath,*
And brought in fine his ſturdie enmies downe,
Seuen Mayden babes, as manie men by th' yeere
They yeelded vp to make his monſter cheere.
By lot they went vntill they came at laſt
To Theſeus, *he into the doubtfull denne*
(*Clept* Laberinth) *to* Minotaure *was caſte*
But ruthfull Ariadne *taught him then*
Hovv to deſtroy the Monſter, and to paſſe
By tracke of twiſt from Priſon where he was.
With Ariadne *he, and* Phædra *ſcapes,*
Ariude at Naxus, Bacchus *gaue him charge,*
To leaue him one of thoſe his goodlie rapes
(*That* Ariadne *hight*) *and let her large.*
When night was *come, and she to ſlumber led,*
With Phædra *he from* Ariadne *fled:*
The Nymph (*when ſleepie nap* was *quite exilde,*
And ſenſes came to former force againe,)
Seeing her ſelfe ſo shamefullie beguild,
In wretched *wiſe* with *teares began to plaine*
Requeſting ruth, and platlie making showe
That he to her a better boone did owe.

The

The x. Epistle.

Ariadne to Theseus.

More frēendly I haue found
than thée the brutish kinde:
A woorser gard then thou hast bēene
I dēeme I moought not find.
Theseus: the lines thou viewst
from that selfe shore I wright:
From whence (forsaking me by meane
of sayle) thou tookst thy flight.
Where me, my slēepe, and thou,
(a woefull wight betrayde:
Thou (out alas) that chose thy stemme
when I to slēepe was layde.
It was the time when soyle
with foggie deaw was dight
But latelie falne: and shrewded Foules
in shadie bushes shright.
Where I were walking then
or slumbring I wote nere:
But out I flung my fist to fēele
where Theseus were there.
Alas none such. Backe I drew
my hand: and out againe
I rousde mine armes about the bed,
but (oh) it was in vaine.

The feare all slæpe exilde,
I rose in gastly dred:
And from my widowish couch I fell
and foule forsaken bed.
Forthwith with ruthlesse handes
I strake my bared brest:
And rent my locks, that hung (as I
abraide from slæpe) vndreste.
The Mone gaue light, I lokt
to viewe the country rounde:
But saue the strond, and stonie rudge,
was nothing to be found.
Nowe hither, thither then
I ranne, and to and fro
I raungde, the sand did lode my legges
I had much worke to goe.
Thus whilst about the shore,
on Theseus name I crie,
The hollow Rocks at erie call
and cleaping did reply.
How oft I calld, the place
so often Theseus namde:
As though it would a wofull wight
her ayde and succour framde.
There was a mount, whereon
fewe trées aloft did growe:
Which now is wore a hanging rocke
yfret with waues that flowe.

Wher-

Whereto I clambe, the heart
my limmes doth ſtrengthen ſo
As round about the ſurging ſeas
my wandring eyes I throw.
From thence (for tho the windes
on me did vſe their powre)
I ſaw how with a Southren gale
thy ſtrowting ſayles did scowre.
I ſawe it: or at leaſt
for that I ſo ſurmiſde,
Wore cold I wore then yſe, and dead-
lie plagues my hart ſurpriſde.
Whom long to languiſh griefe
would not permit vs than:
Abrayde from traunce vpryſte to call
on Theſeus I began.
Why? whither fleëſt? (quoth I)
retire vnthrifty wight:
Do turne thy Barck that lacks his lode
and is not throughly fright.
Loke what my voice might not,
my plangor did ſupplie:
And with my words I medled ſtrokes,
eche blow enſude a crie.
Put caſe thou didſt not heare,
yet mightſt thou ſée it plaine:
My handes diſplayd gaue liker ſignes
and tokens of my paine.

Upon a pole I hung
a flittering Kerchiffe white:
That might reuoke to mind that thou
hadst me forgotten quite.
At length I lost thy sight
then teares gan flush apace:
My cheekes long earst were worn wan
and flecked was my face.
What should mine eyes haue donne
but waild my woefull plight:
Whē that they saw they might no more
haue Theseus ship in sight:
Or I with tresses then
depending sole did ranne:
Incited by the Ogigian god
as doth the drowsie Nunne:
Or casting eye to sea
did sit vpon a stone,
My selfe as much a Rock, as was
the seate I sat vpon.
Oft times to bed that had
receiude vs both I hast:
The bed which could not yéelde againe
the man that thence was past.
And as (I might) for thée
thy steps I did embrace:
And eke the couch not thoughly colde
where thou thy corps didst place.

I lay

I lay me downe, when teares
my deadlie cheekes diſtaine:
And crye, reyéeld account of two
that haſt receiued twaine.
Since hither both we came,
why part we not yfeare:
Thou trayterous couch, the chéefeſt part
make ſhewe where is it: where
What might I dw? oz ſole
why whither ſhould I flée?
Within this Ile ne wozkes of men
noz toyles of Oxen be.
The ſea enuirons round
the land on euery ſide:
No ſhipman héere, noz Vulck that dares
on perillous ſands to ride.
Put caſe I had both Mates
and windes with wiſhed ſayle:
Wy Sire debarres me to returne,
what ſhall the reſt pzeuaile?
Though in a bliſfull Barck
thzough calmed ſeas I paſſe:
Though Æole peaſe the windes, I ſhall
be baniſht naytheleſſe.
Not Crete that foſtred Ioue
is léefull foz to ſée:
Wherein of great renowmed fame
a hundzeth Citties be.

For not alone the soyle
where *Minos* beares the sway,
But eke my Father by my fact
I fouly did betray.
When least thou vanquish, shouldst
in Laborinth haue dide,
I gaue thée twist thy skilleſſe foote
and twine thy steps to guide.
When thou me spakst (by these
my present perils I
Protest that thou shalt aye be mine
till both of vs dw die.)
As yet we both dw liue
and I am not thy Make,
(If women may be said to liue
whom periurd men forsake)
If with thy Mace, that reft
my brother monsters breath,
Thou me hadst slaine, thy Heft had bene
accomplisht by my death.
Not now to mind alone
my future haps I call,
Which must ensue: but such as to
forsaken wightes dw fall.
Unto my troubled thought
a thousand kindes of death
Resort, which lesse would grieue my
then this my lingred breath. (ghost

Now

Nowe feare I ſhagheard Wolues
from euerie coſt that come:
With gnaſhing téeth, & ramping pawes
my griefull guttes to nome.
Perhaps the ſauage ſoyle
the Lion browne doth brédc:
Who wots the ruthleſſe Tygers where
this yrkeſome yle doth fæde?
To that, the ſeas are layd
great Whales to caſt on land:
And who (if I w̄ ſword were wrongde)
by me would friendlie ſtand?
Oh let me not be bounde
as Vaſſell caught in band:
Ne waſte the day at turne and twiſt,
or carde with captiue hand:
That Minos haue to Sire
and Paſiphae to Dame:
And (that I chiefely fire in thought)
thy pacted ſpouſe that am.
When I ſuruey the Seas,
the land, or ſtonie ſleate:
The ground doth manace many things,
the waters eke doo threate.
Then onelie ſkyes were left
the formes of Gods I feare:
A pray in wild Deſart forlorne
for hungry beaſtes to teare.

Though

Though men poſſeſſe the ſpoyle
I giue no truſt at all:
For wronged once, the forraines fayth
into ſuſpect I call.
O would Androgeus liue,
nor Athens bought ſo déere
His dolefull death, by yéelding ſuch
a tribute by the yéere.
Ne thou with knottie Mace
hadſt done to death the beaſt
That was a man for vpper parts,
a Bullock for the reaſt.
O that I ne had giuen
to thée the twiſted Clewe,
Whereby the darkſome denne to ſcape,
when thou the Monſter ſlewe.
That thou art *Victor* aye,
I nothing muſe perdie:
Nor that thou madſt the vglie beaſt
of Creta ſo to die.
Thy ſtéelie hart could not
be pierſt with hurtfull horne
Thy breaſt was garded well, thereon
though were none armour borne.
Thou thither flints conueydſt,
and Adamant didſt beare:
And that which flints doth far ſurmount
a Theſeus hadſt thou there.

O cruell ſléepes, why did
you tho my limmes detaine?
I ſhould as then with ruthleſſe death
but once for all béene ſlaine.
Ye windes were ſpitefull eke
and readie (oh) too ſoone:
Ye puffing blaſtes to force my teares
ye haue your deuor done.
The hand was cruell that
my brother and me hath ſlaine:
And faith ygraunted me that was
a name requird in vaine.
Sléepe, wind, and gaged troth
did all at once coniure:
One ſilly Nymph by triple cauſe
was guild without recure.
Oh that my mothers teares
I dying ſhall not ſée:
Nor any for to cloſe mine eyes
with fréendlie fiſt will be.
My hapleſſe ghoſt to ſtraunge
and vncouth ſkies will flie:
No louing hand wil noynt my limmes
and carkaſſe when I die.
But for my bones vngraud
the Seafoule fowle will ſtrine:
A worthy Sepulture for one
that well deſerud aliue.

To Athens thou wilt passe,
where in the Cittie when
Thou art receiude, and plast in pryde
amids thy countrie men:
And shalt declare the death
of double shaped beast:
And stonie lodge to doubtfull wayes
that doth so ofen wreast:
Display how me forlorne
thou leftst in Desart tho,
I must not be forgot, ne séeme
to spoyle thy title so.
Not Ægeus was my sire,
nor Æthra gaue the brest:
Of rocks & waues that thou were bred
may easilie be gest.
From ship top would thou mightst
me miser Wight haue viewde:
My grisly picture would haue forst
thy stony hart t'haue rewde.
Newe not with eye beholde
but in thy mind suruay,
Sée clinging to the beaten rocke
which makes the waues to state.
Sée how my locks do hang
in wailefull mourning mode:
Behold my clothes with teares as
as they were washt in flood. (moist

My carkas quakes as corne
enforst with Boreas might:
My trembling fist the letters marres
as I my lines doo wryght.
By no desert of mine
(for that it framde awry)
I sue to thée: let not my factes
deserue such thankes perdie:
Ne griefull paines procure,
for though thy liuely breath
I ne did saue: yet hast thou no
iust cause to hast my death.
These fainting fistes with bea-
ting of my breast a good,
I (wofull wretch) extend to thée
through ouerwandring flood.
These locks (which yet are left)
in dolefull wise I show:
And by these teares I pray, wt teares
thy facts enforce to flowe:
(Good Thesu) turne thy ship
with wrested wind returne:
Though ere thou come I die, yet of
the bones thou shalt be sure.

The Argument of the xi. Epiſtle, entituled Canace to Machareus.

KIng Æols ſonne Machareus fell in loue
With Canace beyond the bounds of kind,
To bed this beaſtly broode are gone to proue
Vnlawfull luſts delight, nature repinde:
She naytheleſſe ſowlie begot with childe
Was brought a bed, a ſigne she was defild.

The Nurſe conuaide the Babe, who at the doore
Exclamde: The Grandſire heard the yelling ſounde,
And found the filthie fact: he made no more
A doo, but ſent the Babe in blankets bound
Into the fieldes, of Rauens to be rent,
Or hungrye Dogs, or wandring wolues he ment.

Beſide, a ſword to Canace he ſendes
By curſed death to end her beaſtlie life:
To worke her fathers will the wench entendes,
But ere she felt the force of fathers knife,
To Machareus (to Delphos that was gone
For ſuccours ſake) thus gan she make her mone.

The

The xi. Epiſtle.

Canace to Macharevs.

IF anie blots do blind, or blurre my lynes,
The murther of their Miſtreſſe makes ỳ ſame
My right hand holdes the pen, the left a ſword,
And in my carefull lap the Paper lyes.
Of Canace ſuch is the grieſly forme,
Whilſt to her brother ſhée deuiſde to write:
For ſo I may ſuffice my wrathfull Sire.
Oh, that himſelfe were here a gazer on
His daughters death: Oh, that the Author ſawe
With preſent eye, the thing he gaue in charge.
So ruthleſſe he, and paſſing farre in rage,
His whirling Southren blaſtes, that he with dyre
And tearelés chéeks my gaping woũds wold viewe
Tis much (in fayth with raging winds to liue,
Vnto his peoples kind his nature grées,
A Kuler fitt for ſuch a ruthleſſe race.
He checks the Southren wind, and Zephyrus
With Northren Aquilo he kéepes a coyle,
And (Eurus eke) thy ſtubborne wings he rules.
He maiſters all the windes, not ſwelling wrath,
Vnto his vice, his conquerd kingdome yéeldes.
What now auayles by Grandſires to the ſkies
Aduaunſt to be? With Ioue to be allyde?
If naytheleſſe in womaniſh hand I hold

Vn-

Unfitting tooles the ſwoꝛde, a ſcathfull gift:
(O Machareu) the day that vs conioynde
After my death one houre ſhould haue bée faine,
A bꝛother why, moꝛe then a bꝛother ought,
Imbꝛaſt thou me: and why to thée was I
Moꝛe then a ſiſter to her bꝛother ſhould?
Eke I was toucht with loue, and I wote nere
What God it was that ſet my hart in flame.
My colour quite was fled, my carkas lene
And bare became, my mouth refuſde to fæde.
Full hard by ſléepe I came, eche night a yéere
Did ſéeme, I gronde, and had no hurt at all:
Ne could account my ſelfe why ſo I did,
Ne knewe what loue did meane, and yet did loue.
My Nurſe with aged mind perceiude it firſt,
And ſaid at firſt, I was with loue attacht.
Whereat I bluſht, and caſt mine eyes to grounde,
And whiſt, which tokens were of guilty minde.
At length my growing wombe began to ſtroute,
And wt his weight my weakned limmes oppreſt,
But then, what herbe oꝛ dꝛench was to be found,
That ſhe ne bꝛought, and boldly did apply?
To fine (which onely pꝛancke thou neuer wilt)
My venter might of burthen be releaſt,
That woꝛe ſo faſt within my growing guttes:
But (oh) the infant was ſo ripe, and ſtack
So nere my ribbes, as it was ſafe from ſcath.
When Phœbus ſiſter ninthly woꝛen was,

And

And tēth Mone gan to chaſe her lightſome ſtedes:
I wiſt not what procurde my ſodaine throwes,
A ſkylleſſe wight (God wote) to beare a childe.
No longer I from crying could refrayne,
Or holde my peace. What will you ſo vnfolde
(O Beldam Nurſe) ỹ crime? & ſtopt my mouth.
What might I miſer dō? gréefe forſt me grunt,
But feare and ſhame, and Beldam it forbode.
Then dolor I repreſt, and vttered words
Reuokt, and was enforſt to drinke my teares.
Death ſtode before my face, Lucina quite
Denyde to helpe: and death it ſelfe had béene
A monſtruous crime, if I as then had dyde.
When thou, with garments rent and toren locks
Relieued with thy breaſt my dying limmes,
And ſaydſt. O ſiſter liue, liue ſiſter déere,
Ne in one corſe deſtroy thou bodies twayne:
Let hope reduce thy force, that brothers ſpouſe
Shalt be, and wife to him by whom thou art
A mother made. In faith I was reuiude
At thoſe thy chéerefull words that lay aſtraught,
And was releaſt of gréefe and guilt at once,
Why dwſt thou ſo reioyce? King Æole ſits
Amid his ſtately Hawle, my fathers eyes
Muſt neuer ſée this filthy fact of mine.
The buſie carefull Nurſe with fillets fine
The Infant hid, and boughes of Olive white
A ſacrifice ſhe faynde and prayd apace.

My father and all the people gaue her way,
And licenſt her with famed rites to paſſe.
When ſhee to Thẏeſtholde came, the yelling crye
And clamoẏ of the Babe the father heard:
And ſo the ſilly child it ſelfe bewẏayd.
The Infant all inragde, Æolus raught,
And with his furious ſhẏtch the Pallace filde,
The falſed ſacrifice reuealing quite:
Euen as the Sea doth ſhake & trembling quappe,
When with a gentle gale it is enforſte,
Oẏ as the Aſhe with Southẏen wind doth wagge,
So mightſt thou ſée my bloudles members ſhake,
Who lay as then ẏſtraught vpon my bed.
Ye ruſhing in, and with an open crẏe
Diſcloſde my fault, and from my Myſers face
His ruthleſſe handes with much a doo wythheld,
I bluſhing, nought, ſaue fluſhing teares gan ſhed
With quaking feare my trẽbling tong was tyde,
Ye gaue in charge the Babe, (his nephew) ſhould
To dogs and rauening foule in fieldes bée ſtoong.
The child exclaimde, as though he had conceyude
The Grandſires minde, to whom he ſude foẏ ruth
With voyce, as he the ſilly Miſer could
What hart had I then (Bẏother) to your dome?
(You may my caſe coniecture by your owne)
When foẏe my face into the deſert groue,
My cruell foe, in hand my bowels bare,
Of Mountaine Wolues to bee in quarters torne?

But

But out at length he from my lodge diuertes.
Then beate I on my breast with baleful strokes,
And with dispitious nayles I rent my face.
Meanewhile w̄ mournfull chére frō Æole comes
In message one, that thus bespake me tho.
Æole (My Lorde) to thee thys sword hath sent,
(And therewith toke it me) and bids thée knowe
By thy desert and merit what it meanes.
I wote and will this sword with courage vse,
Stabbing my fathers gift into my brest.
O thou that gauest me life, with such rewardes
My marrige dost thou mind for to enrich?
O father, shall thy daughter thus be dowde?
Hymen deceyude, doo way thy bridall bands,
And flée this wicked lodge with troubled fote.
On me, ye swarth Erinnyes, fling the flames
You beare, therewith to make my buriall blase.
O happy sisters, linckt with better lucke
But aye my fact in mindfull breast retayne.
Alas, what hath the silly Babe deserude,
So lately brought to light and lothsome Skyes?
What fact of this ỹ Grandsires wrath might stir?
Let him be thought to haue deserud the same,
If so he could deserue. But (out alas)
His Mothers guilt the Miser Infant byes.
O sonne thy Mothers dole, the pray of beastes,
O thou the day of birth thy Dame bereft,
O child of hapleste loue, the pittious pledge

This day the first, and this shall be thy last
Ne lawfull was for me wyth yolded teares
To bath thy corps: nor on thy graue to cast
My clipped locks, and tresses cut thereto
Ne lay I on thy limmes, ne from thy mouth
The chilly kisse I caught and latter breath.
But grédy beasts my rapted bowels rent.
And I by larching wound the infants ghost
And shodow will pursue: ne wylbe sayd
A mother long, or voyde of Babe to be,
But thou (whom all in vaine, and all for naught
Thy wretched sister hopt) the scatred bones
Collect in field of thy yong Sonne and mine,
And bring them to their Dame, & place thẽ there,
Let one selfe vrne our bodies both containe.
Remember me, and bath my Herse with teares:
Ne feare the corps of her that loude thée well.
I craue thée to fulfill thy sisters Hestes.
A Wiser most of all: and I will séeke
My cruell fathers wyll to put in vre.
Thy dying wyfe and sister sayes adue.

The Argument of the xii. *Epiſtle, entituled Me-* dea to Iaſon.

IAſon *in youthfull yéeres tô* Colchos *came,*
And with the Fleeſe he filsht away a Mayde
Medea *cleapt, and gan his voyage frame*
To Theſſalie, *where once arriude he ſtayde,*

The feeble Æſon *she reducde againe*
By ſolemne charme to luſtie youthfull age,
With fresher blood enſtuffing euery vaine.
She made him young to ſight that earſt was ſage.

King Pelias *daughters deere she did perſvvade*
(A monſtrous acte) to kill *their aged Sire,*
In hope she would the Prince a princox made:
Which they poore ſillie Maydes did moſt deſire.

With other fovvler facts, which *when she had*
For Iaſons *loue (as she reported) donne,*
He shooke her off, which *made* Medea *mad,*
And cauſde her vvrite theſe lines to Æſons *ſonne:*
She ſight, she ſude, she ſobde, she menaſt eeke
To be reuengde vpon the Guilefull Greeke.

The xii. Epiſtle.

Medea to Iaſon.

MInd it yet how I of Colchos Quéene
Applide to thée, when ỹ my ſuccor crauedſt,
That I by Arte would gard thée frō annoy.
The ſiſters tho, the mortall twiſt diſpence,
Their flaxen web ſhould haue vnfolden quite:
Then might I Medea well haue loſt my breath,
From that my lingred life is but a paine.
Aye me. Why euer forſt with youthfull armes
Came Iaſons ſhip to fetch the Phrygian Fléece?
And Colchos why Magnetian Arge arriude?
And Gréekiſh rout of Phaſian flood did drinke?
Why more then néeded I the golden lockes
Did like? thy featurde ſhape, and gloſing tongue?
If once (for that a forraine ſhip to ſhore
At Colchos came, & brought vndaunted wightes
And dreadleſſe men to land) Iaſon vnwares,
Not Phiſickt firſt, had runne to breathed flames,
And poynant hornes of fell and yrefull Bulles,
Or ſowne the ſéede and had as many foes,
And Tilman had of tillage ſo béene ſaine:
How much deceite (vnthrift) with thée had dide?
And I of howe much wo acquited béene?
It is ſome pleaſure to vnthankfull wightes,
For to obiect the good forepaſſed turnes.

That

That I will vſe of thée, that onely ioy
And ſolace I will gaine, thou faithleſſe man.
Whou hauing charge at Colchos to arriue,
In vncouth Vulke my wealthfull kingdome, and
My countrie camſt vnto, where I was then
The ſame that héere thy nouell ſpouſe is déemde
My Father was as rich as is her Syre.
He Ephiren with double ſea poſſeſt,
In froſtie Scythia tother gouernde all
As farre as Pontus lefter ſide doth lie.
Oeta toke the youthfull Créekes to gueſtes,
With him, you men of Theſſale did ſoiourne,
Then ſaw I thée, and gan to know thy name:
That ſeaſon brought my mind to ruine firſt,
I both did ſée and periſht eke, inflamd
With fire vnknowne, & fride wt ſtraungie gleade,
As fore the Aultars burnes the torch of Pyne.
Both featurde well thou were and fates me drew
Thine eyes my dazeled lights did rauiſh quite
Which quickly thou diſcridſte. For who may wel
Kéepe loue in meiwe, that no man it diſcerne?
Aye flame it ſelfe by caſting light, bewrayes.
Meanewhile ỹ king commands, & giues in charge
The Bulles with brawned necks to bring to yoke
Mauors his bulles there were dreadfull for horne,
Not ſole, but breathing out a gaſtfull flaſh:
Whoſe houes were brake compact, their noſes ſet
With gads of ſtéele, which black wt breathing lokt.

Moreouer in open fields to cast the seede.
Engendring men, that were commaunded tho,
Which would assayle thée w̄ their late born darts
A thankelesse crop for him that tild the soyle.
The waker Dragons eyes that neuer slept
To guile, of all thy trauels was the last.
Thus spake Oetes, vp in gastful dread,
Ye rose eche one, and from the Table start
How farre from thée was then Creusas dowre:
And raigne in ioynture giuen? thy Fatherlawe
How farre? and mighty Creons daughter déere:
Away thou wentst dismayd with vapord eyen
Whom I pursude, and softly bid adue.
As soone as wonted I to Cabbin came
Where lay my couch: I spent the night in teares.
Before mine eyes the balefull Bullocks stode,
The cursed seede, the watchfull Dragon eke:
Here feare & quiuering dread, there loue did stand
The feare it selfe my loue to more increast
In dawning to my lodge my sister came,
Where me with torne tresse, and lying groufe
Upon my face, besprent with teares she found
She craude my helpe for men of Thessalie:
What she requird, that I to Iason gaue.
There stands a groue w̄ Beech & houlme so black,
As scarce Apollos rayes may pierce the same:
There is in that (or tho at least there was)
Dianas Church, the Goddesse standing there.

With

Wyth barbarous hand yframde of maſſie golde.
Minde you? or is the place with me forgot?
Thither we came yfeare, with ruthleſſe tongue
And guileſull mouth when ỹ didſt bourd me thus.
To thee hath fortune right and power aſſignde
Of life and dreadfull death: within thy hande
(By her appointed lore) my ſtate doth ſtay.
Sufficeth powre to ſpoyle, if any take
Therein delight: but I reſerude from ſcath
Shall make thy former prayſe and glory growe,
And blaſt thy bruite in Trumpe of endleſſe fame.
But my ſiniſter haps (which lies in thee
For to redreſſe) and by thy noble race,
And Grandſire, that all mortall things ſuruayes:
And by the triple forme of Dian, and
Her priuie ſacred rites, this country Gods,
(If any heere within this ſoyle do raigne)
Rue on my Mates and mee, (O Queene) I pray
And oblige me vnto thee by thys bone,
And ſo a Grecian thou not ſeeme to ſcorne,
(But how might I the Gods ſo frendly finde?)
Sooner my ſoule to weightleſſe ayre ſhall waſte,
Than any (ſaue your grace) with me be linckt
In ſpouſall bande, and bridely knot be tyde.
Let Iuno witneſſe be, that hath in charge
The marrige rites: that holy Goddeſſe tho
Within whoſe Marble Church we ſtoden nowe
Theſe, or the leaſt of theſe, a ſilly Nymph

Might

Might moue to ruth: our hands were ioyned eke
I saw thy trickling teares. Where part of guyle
In them doth lurck? so I was quickly wonne,
And soone entrapt with thy dissembling tongue.
Thou brought'st to yoke the brasen foted Bulles
Unhurt of flame, and brak'st the bidden soyle
With pointed plough: whereon in stéede of graine
The Serpẽts téeth ỹ stongst, whereof there sprong
A troupe of Souldiers sterne, wt sworde & shielde
That I who gaue thée oyntment stode in dreade,
To sée the sodaine brode with armour clad:
Till time the earthly brothers, twirt themselues
To ciuill combat fell, and fought yfearé,
A griesly sight, and woefull thing to tell,
Behold, the waker Serpent hyssing came
With crackling scales, & with his bending breast
Did swépe ỹ soyle. Thẽ where was dowre becõe?
Then where thy Princely spouse? & Isthmos that
The double Sea deuides, and cuttes his course?
Euen I, that now so barbarous am become
To thée, (a powre and hurtfull person thought)
With forced slépe, the Serpents eyes did fédde,
That safely thou might'st reue the golden Fleese.
My Father I betrayd; my native soyle,
And kingdome I forsoke: and got the gift
Which in exile a woman may attaine.
My chastice was a wandring Rouers pray:
My sister and my louing Dame I left.

But

But thée (O brother) I ne left behind
At time of flight: my letter in this one
Place ginnes to faint, the thing my vētrous hand
Did dare to doo, it dares not to recorde:
So I (but euen with thée) ſhould haue bēn rent
Yet dare I not (for what ſhould me appal
As then a woman, and a guilty wight)
My curſed corps to ſurging Seas to gage?
Where are thoſe gods, where thoſe celeſtial ſtates
On vs amid the gulfe deſerued plagues
And torments ſend: on thēs for thy deceit,
On me for that I gaue ſuch credite light.
O that the ruthleſſe rocks, Symphlegades, had
Our limmes ſurpriſde, and rent our bodies ſo
As might my bones vnto thy carkaſſe clong:
Or cruell Scylla ſent vs to her whelpes
And Dogs to bēne deuourde: for Scylla ought
Ungratefull wights to plague, & pray with payne
Charibdis eke that belks the ſwallowed waues
O that it had vnder Sicilian ſurge
Our yrkeſome corſes caſt, & whelmde in goulfe.
Safe thou, and *Victor* to Æmonia comſt,
And to the Gods preſentſt the golden Fléece
What ſhould I Pelias daughters name, that did
A guilt to pittie mound: who rent with hand
Their aged fathers bones: though other blame
Medea, yet thou haſt cauſe to like her well,
For whom I haue ſo often done amiſſe.

Thou

Thou didſt not ſhame(O that I woꝛdes doe want
To ſhew my iuſt complaint) thou didſt not ſhame
To ſay: from Æſons houſe diſlodge in haſt.
Commaunded I departed,followde with
Mine Infants two,and loue of thée,that aye
Purſues my track,and followes where I go.
Unto mine eares as ſoone as Hymen came,
Carold aloude,and kindled Toꝛches ſhone
With Bauen blaſe,& Shaulme began to ſounde
Ditties of loue,ioyfull to thée, but moꝛe
Dolefull to me then is the Trumpets clang:
Afright I woꝛe, ſuſpecting no ſuch yll,
Ne yet ſo foule offence: but naytheleſſe
Thꝛough all my bꝛeſt the frоſty cold did runne.
A route of people ran,and Hymen cryde,
Repeating oft the ſame: how much the voyce
Moꝛe nére appꝛocht,the moꝛe increaſt my woe.
My ſeruaunts ſobde,and couertly did mourne
Who gladly would ſo great an ill repoꝛt:
And me auailing moꝛe had béene,what ſo
It were,not to haue knowne. Yet ſad and trick
I woꝛe,as though I had the truth deſcride
When of my Boyes the leſſer, foꝛ deſire
To ſée foꝛe the doꝛe at Wicket ſtode.
Oh mother mine(quoth he)foꝛgo the place,
With iolly pompe my father Iaſon commes.
And glittring twirt two chained chiuals rydes.
I out of hand (my veſture rent abꝛode)

Did

Did plague my breſt wᵗ blowes, wᵗ nailes my face
My mind perſwaded me amids the throng
And thickeſt preſſe to runne, the garlandes gay
From treſſes ſmoothly trimde in rage to pull.
I hardly me withheld from crying out
(As I diſhelued was) t'is mine: and ſcarce
From laying hands thereon I tho abſtaynd.
O wronged Syre reioyce: ye men of Colche
Be glad: and of my brothers ghoſt receiue
Th'infeſts. My countrie, houſe, & kingdome loſt,
My ſpouſe inſtēde of al that ſtode to me,
I reſt refuſde, and vtterly forlorne.
Serpents I did ſubdue, and furious Bulles,
One man to daunt vnable or to tame.
And I that raging fire by Arte repelde,
Can by no ſkyll my waſting flame eſchew
Inchauntments, hearbs, and ſorceries failen now
The Goddeſſe nought or mighty Hecate
Preuayles or helps Medea in nēdfull time.
Not pleſant is to me the day, the nights
(That bitter are) I wake: no gentle ſlēpe
Doth daine to lodge in lamentable breaſt
I, that my limmes to ſlumber can not force,
Was able well the Dragons eyes to cloſe.
Other my Artes, then me, dō more auayle.
The corps that I preſerude a ſtrumpet ſtraynes
With folded armes and of my paynes haue fruite
And thou perhaps whilſt to thy fonded ſpouſe.

Doſt

Doſt braue, her eares deſirous to content,
Againſt my face and maners new found crimes
Doſt forge. Well may ſhe laugh at theſe defaults
Of mine: well let her laugh in ſtately ſeate
With purple Robe attyre: the time will come
That ſhe ſhall mourne, and weepe againe as faſt
And farre ſurmoũt theſe hidden ſcortching flames.
Whilſt yron, fire, or poyſon may be found,
No foe of Medeas ſhall vnwroken wo.
If ſo by hap my prayers be of powre
To touch thy ſteely hart, now lend an eare
To words that are inferiour to my mind.
For I to thee in humble ſort doo ſue,
To me as thou full oft haſt done of yore,
Ne prone to lie before thy feete refuſe.
If me thou let ſo light, yet haue remorſe
Of theſe our Babes, that common are to bothe.
A cruell ſtepdame will thy children wrath.
And rigorouſly entreate in ruthleſſe ſort:
And they too much reſemble thee, that are
Trapt by thy forme, whoſe image moues me ſore
And whom howe oft I ſee: ſo oft my face
And moiſted cheekes with teares are all bedewde
By Gods I make requeſt, by flaming light
My Grandſire giues, and by my earned bone,
And by thy Babes (the pawnes of perfite loue)
Reueale the bridely bed, for which I ſhunde
So many things: accompliſh thy behеſt,

And

And dw with ayde thy Wyſer ſpouſe relieue.
Gainſt men,or bulles,of thée no ayde I craue,
Ne that thou ſhouldſt ẏ watchfull Dragon drench
And forze him yæld his daunted eyes to ſlæpe:
But thée(that art mine owne inſeft) I craue,
That by thy fact haſt me a mother made.
Demaunſt thou for my dowze? in ẏ ſelfe ſielde
(That was to care for golden Flæſe) it lay.
That very flæſe of Gold my ioynture was,
Which if I ſhould reclaime,thou wouldſt debarre
Thy ſelfe pzeſerud my dowze: the Grækiſh youth
My ioynture was, therewith the welth compare
Of Creons darling,iudge the pzice of both.
That thou doſt liue and art a wifebound man,
Linckt with a ſpouſe,and haſt a fatherlaw,
And that thou canſt now ſhew thy ſelfe vnkinde:
To me impute it,whence the guerdon came.
Whom I will out of hand. But to forzetell
The paines what wil auaile? aye ſwelling wzath
Is full of thzeates,diſcloſing ſecrete thought.
Euen whither yze ſhall leade, I will enſue.
And then perhaps he ſhall repent his dæde,
As I lament, I gaue a faithleſſe man
Such credite,and beleæue the wozds he ſpake
That God diſcerne the ſame,which ſtirs my bzeſt
I ne wote what greater thing my hart intendes.

The

The Argument of the xiii. *Epiſtle, entituled Laodameia to Proteſilaus.*

With fortie ſayle vvhen Proteſilaus *went*
To Troy *ward, to fight for* Helens *rape*
The tempeſt ſo vvithſtoode the Greekes intent,
As they from out port Aulide *could not ſcape.*

When flickring fame this brute had blaſted vvide,
His louing vvife Laodameia *wrought*
Him thus, ſhee ſhevves her dreames, ſhee wils beſide
That he the Prophets vvords ſhould print in thought.

Whoſe aunſwere was, that who ſo leapt to Lande,
Firſt of the Greekes vvhen they to Troy *came,*
Shoulde die the death, t'was bootleſſe to vvithſtande
For why the Gods appointed had the ſame.

He naytheleſſe for all his ſpouſes wordes,
(Couragious Lad) firſt leapt from ſhippe to ſhore,
And for his payne, vvas doone to death with ſword,
As had the Oracle pronounſt before,
This was the cauſe Laodameia *pend*
Theſe lines, this made the vvife this Piſtle ſend.

The xiij. Epiſtle.

Laodameia to Proteſilaus.

AEmonian Laodameia ſendeth health,
And greeting to Proteſilaus her ſpouſe:
And wiſheth it, where he ſoiournes to ſtay.
Repoꝛt hath ſpꝛed in Aulide that you lye
In rode, by meane of fearce, and froward gale.
Ah, when thou me foꝛſookſt, where was the wind?
Thã boꝛoiling ſeas thine Dares ſhold haue wõſtode
That was a fitting time foꝛ wꝛathfull waues.
Moe kiſſes with a greater charge, I would
Unto my ſpouſe haue giuen, and parled moꝛe.
But hedlong hence thou wentſt, and wiſhed wind
Of Seamen not of me, thy ſayles allurde:
That gale was meete foꝛ Mariners, vnfit
Foꝛ thoſe that loue. O ſpouſe and Fere elect
To ſoone I was thy claſping armes bereft.
Unperfite were the woꝛdes, my foltring tongue
Pꝛonounſte, ſcarce could it ſpeake and bid adue.
Then Boreas blewe and bare thy ſayles away,
And ÿ (O ſpouſe) were quickly hence conuayde.
It did me good (as long as lawfull was)
To gaſe vpon thy face, and with mine eyes
At parture to beholde thy countenaunce.
When thou were out of ſight, I ſaw thy ſayles,
Thy ſayles, that long my ſtaring eyes detainde.

When neither thée at last nor sayles I sawe,
And nought saue waltring wanes was to be séene
With thée my eyesight fled, and bloodlesse all
(With darkesome clowde beset) I fell to ground.
My fainting knées refuse to beare the corps.
Whom Iphyclus my fatherlawe, nor olde
Acastus lod with yéeres, ne mother scarce
With water cold, from swowning might reduce.
A charitable déede they wrought, to mée
Gaineleſſe, I loth that I ne tho had dyde.
Euen with remembrance, gréefe renude againe,
And loyall loue did gripe my chastfull breast.
No care had I as then my tresse to trim,
Ne yet with curious robes my limmes to wrappe
As they with leauie thrise whom Bacchus beates;
So to and fro, as furie forst I ranne:
Phylacian Matrons came to me, and cride,
Laodamie, do on thy braueſt wédes.
Shall I in purple Robe and Silkes be clad,
And he wage warre vnder the walles of Troy,
Shall I go kembe my tresse, and he an Helme
Upon his head sustaine: fresh garments should
I weare, and he his clattring Armour weld?
As néere as euer I may, thy trauels I
Resemble will with dole: and during time
Thou art in siege, will leade a dismall life.
Duke Paris, Priams sonne (whose beauty bred
The scath of thine) I wish thou mayst as slow

An

An enimie be, as yll thou were a gueſt.
Oh that or thou diſliked hadſt the face
Of yong Atrides ſpouſe, or ſhe thy port.
Thou Grécke, that for thy rapted wife to great
A ſtrife doth ſtirre, and ouermuch dooſt toyle:
(Aye me) dolefull reuenge to many wilt
In future time, and wailefull wreake procure.
Yée Gods I pray for vs, th'abodement fell
Remoue, and graunt that my reuerted Féere
In Temple may to Ioue his armour yéelde.
But ſore I dread, and loke how oft I mind
The lamentable warre, and fearefull fight,
Teares from my chéekes as thawed ſnow do tril.
Ide, Tenedos, Xanthus, and Ilion
With Symois, are gaſtfull names to tell.
Ne would the gueſt preſumde or béene ſo bolde
Away to haue a Gréekiſh Feme purloynde,
Vnleſſe he had by power and ſtrength of hande
Béene able to maintaine and beare it out.
His puiſſant force to him was not vnknowne.
He came reported, all betrapt with Golde,
And Troian wealth vpon his body bare:
With men and armour ſtord, the ayds of warre.
And who with all his countrie ſtrength at once
And Princelie power to forraine lands doth goe
Theſe Helen (I ſurmiſe) did thée attach,
And vanquiſhed, which may the Gréekes annoy.
Of Hector I adrad, I know not whom,

But Hector (by report of Paris) fightes
With bloudie hand, & deales with deadly ſworde.
That Hector, that beware, what ſo he be,
If anie loue of me as yet be left,
His graued name in mindfull breſt enſculpe,
Him when thou haſt eſcapt auoide the reſt:
And many Hectors there ſurmiſe to be.
And ſay (when thou art euen at poynt to fight)
Laodamie my ſpouſe did bid me ſpare.
If lawfull be that Grékes ſhall conquere Troy
And Ilion by ſorted lotte ſubdue:
Without thy woundes let it to ruine runne.
Let Menelaus martch againſt his foes,
And Paris ſpoyle of that which Paris reft.
Let him amid the preaſe of ennemies throng,
And winne in armes, whom he in cauſe ſubdues.
The huſband ought the wife to reſcue, yea
Though ſhe were plaſte amid a troupe of foes,
Thy cauſe is farre vnlike, contende for life,
And harmeleſſe to eſcape, and onely to
The Ladies lap in ſafetie to retire.
Yée Dardanes, of ſo manie ſpare mée one,
Ne from his corps enforce my blood to flaſh
Ye is not one whom may be ſéeme to fight.
Or to his martiall foe his breaſt to gage.
Ye better may that fights for hartie zeale,
Let others flaſh, let Proteſilaus loue,
Him I confeſſe I would withheld at home,

My

My tongue for feare of yll abodement stack.
When from thy fathers house to Troy warde
Thou wentst, thy fote at threshold stumbled tho.
Which when I saw, in silence mourning sayd,
Graunt Gods that this protend a good returne
Now doe I this display, for thou in armes
Tow ventrous shouldst not be: procure that this
My feare to vaine and vacand winds may turne
And sort (I wote not whom) appointed hath
To vndeserued fate, that first of Grækes
With forewarde fote shall touch ỹ Troian soyle.
O cursed Feme, that first shall wayle the losse
Of her adempted feere. I craue the Gods
Thou shew not then thy selfe excessiue stoute.
Of thousand shyppes let thine the latter be,
And last of all the sundred waues deuide,
(And this for warning take) go last on lande.
T'is not thy native soyle thou sittest to,
At thy returne let sayle and Dare be plyde,
And haste thy Barke to thy well knowne shore.
Where Phœbus lurke, or els dow shine aloft,
Both day and night thou brædst my griefull woe.
But most by night, for that a season is
To women that with clinching armes imbrace
Their louers limmes of sugred sport and ioy.
For falsed slæpes I hont in carefull Couch,
Fæding on false delight, for want of true.
But why to me thy Image pale appeares?

And from thy mouth why ſuch cõplaint proceédes:
Enforſt to watch, the yrkeſome goſtes of night
And viſions I adoze: no Auſtar through
All Theſſale my ſuming ſmoke doth lacke.
Incenſe I yéeld with intermedled teares,
Which mingde doe ſurge as wine yeaſt in flame,
When I with grædie armes, ſhall thée retournde
Imbzacing lie, and ſenceleſſe ware foz ioy:
When lodgde with me in one ſelfe careles couch
Wilt thou the valiant factes of battaile blaſe:
Which whilſt ỹ ſhalt deſcribe, though I to heare
Shall long, yet will we coll and kiſſe betwixt.
Foz kiſſing deckes the tale with better grace,
And ſtay procures ỹ tongue moze prompt to parle
But when I thinke of Troy, both winde and ſeas
Returne to minde: and hope by hoſtull feare
Is vanquiſht cleane, and put to ſuddaine flight.
And that the windes your middle paſſage barre
Moues me. In ſpite of waues you mind to paſſe.
Who to his Country would with froward gale,
Againſt the will of windes ſhape his returne:
And you from Greece in troublous tẽpeſts trudge.
Unto his towne Neptunus barres your courſe.
Whither haſt you: eche vnto his home retire.
Why, whither go you Grækes: behold ỹ windes
And coũterthwarting blaſts. Some God procurs
(Not ſodain chaunce) no doubt, this lingring ſtay.
What ſaue a ſhamefull drabbe and harlot ranckt

By

By this your warre & battailes broile is sought:
Whilst yet you may, and lawfull is your sailes
And flitting Barckes backe to Achaia bende.
But why do I reuoke? or call thée home?
Let all abodements goe. I pray the windes
And calmed waues to further thine intent.
I spite at Troian Dames, that shall survey
The funerals of their feares & wailefull spoyles,
Nor haue their foes farre frō their coūtry bounds
The late betrothed spouse her selfe will d'on
Her husbands Helme and harnesse with her hand
She wyll giue armour, and whilst armour shée
Doth giue a (gratefull thing to both) will kysse,
And fellow forth her spouse, with charge to make
Retyre, and say (to loue thy weapons vowe)
Reserving he his recent charge in minde,
Will warely fight, and cast an eye to home:
She at returne will lose her spouses Helme,
And do his Targe away, his wearie limmes
Releeuing with her ayde as best she may,
We doubtfull in suspence, and dread do stande,
Fearing eche thing that may by fortune fall:
Yet whilst in forraine coast thou wagest warre,
Of ware that representes thy face, I haue
A table made: to whom I tell my tale,
And kisse, as I thy corse was wont to coll.
The picture is more then it séemes to sight.
In fayth allowe the waxen forme a sound.

And it wyll be Protesilaus outright:
That I beholde, and in my husbandes steade
Betwixt my paps do place, and frame complaint
Thereto, as though it had the power to speake.
By thy returne, and corps (my saints I sweare)
By egall lights of marrige and of mind:
And by thy head (which fright with siluer locks
To fine that I may see: and that thou mayst
In health reuert) I sweare, that whether thou
Shalt giue in charge, to thée I will repayre
As following Mate, whether thou liue, or oh,
That more I dread and stand oh, more appald.
With this precept and onely charge I ende,
Respect thy selfe and haue remorse of me:

The

The Argument of the xiiij. *Epiſtle, entituled Hy-permneſtra to Lynceus.*

TO ſiftie daughters Danaus *was Syre,*
His brother Ægipt *had as many ſonnes:*
Whom he to match did earneſtlie deſire,
With Danaus *daughters: he the marriage ſhunnes,*
And reaſon vvhy: the Oracle had ſed
His ſonne in lavve ſhould hevven of his head.

Ægyptus *vvroth vvith this his brothers deede*
(Of purpoſe that to Argos *vvent his vvay*
For cauſe the marriage ſhould not ſo proceede)
Sent all his ſonnes with Souldiers for to ſtay
Their vncle: or his daughters at the leaſt
To take to vviues and make a marrige feaſt.

The ſiedge vvas layd and Danaus *in fine*
Of force compelde for ſafetie ſake to yeelde
His brothers ſute although he did repine:
When marrige day approcht, the father willde
His daughters to deſtroy vvith cruell knyues
Their husbands, & to reaue their Nephevves lyues.

The day vvas come eche ſlevve their ſlumbring Make
Saue Hypermneſtra, *that of all the reſt*

Spared

The Argument.

Spared her spouse, and warned him to take
His flight: such ruth did lodge in louing breast.
According to her counsell so he did,
And by that meane himselfe from daunger rid.

In dawning when the father came, he sawe
Eche daughter had her sleepie husband slayne,
Saue Hypermnestra: *whom* withouten lawe
He sent to ward, in prison her to paine,
Where being lodged, these lines to Lynceus *she*
Deuisde and sent from Gyues releast to bee.

The

The xiiij. Epiſtle

Hypermneſtra to Lynceus.

TO him that of ſo many brethren lyues.
And ſole ſuruiues, I Hypermneſtra ſend:
The reſt by their wiues guilt were foulie ſlaine.
I lode with Giues in priſon am detainde,
And not aguilting is my cauſe of ſcath.
For that my hand to murther not preſumde,
I did offence: but ſo I had done euill
And ruthleſſe béene, I ſemblant prayſe had wonne
More leſſer I account guilt to ſuſtaine
Than in ſuch ſort to pleaſe my angry Syre:
Ne lothe I hands of murther voyde to haue.
Though me my Syre (whom I ne wrongd at all)
With threatfull flame conſumde, or menace with
The fire that preſent was at ſacred rytes,
Or ſlea with ſword which ſhamefully he gaue.
And wife ſuſtaine the death her huſband ſhould:
Yet ſhall he not my dying iawes enforce
For to repent, or loth ſuch frendly ruth.
Let Danaus, and my ſiſters for their fact
Agriſe: This ende ſuch miſchiefe aye enſues.
Recounting of that bloudie night doth make
My hart to quake, and ſuddaine tremore force
My hand to ſtay from that I thought to wryte:
She whō they dēmd could haue her huſband ſlain

Of

Of murther not commited dædes to wryte?
But yet I will aſſay. With mantle black
When yrkeſome ſhade gan ouerſpread the ſoyle,
And fayling day did yéeld to growing night:
Wée ſiſters led to Danaus caſtle came,
And there Ægipt his daughters entertaind
Which priuily were armde wt weakfull blades,
On euery ſide the golden Lampes dyd ſhine,
And in vnwilling flames the incenſe fumde.
The people Hymen cride, but Hymen fled
The place, and Iuno tho hir towne forewent.
When ſtaggring they with wine, & fellowes cry,
With garlands freſh about their moyſted locks,
To lodgings glad (their buriall places) goe,
And on their funerall beddes their corpſes caſt,
With Wine and ſlumber now they loden lay,
And quiet reſt throughout all Argos was,
When (to my ſéeming) round about I heard
Of dying men the grunts: which I indéede
Did heare, and as I dread, it fell at laſt:
My blood was fled, the heate forſoke my lymmes
And in my nouell couch full colde I lay.
As Zephyrus the ſlender Rædes doth ſtirre,
And winter ayre doth ſhake the Popple trée:
Euen ſo (or more) I quooke: a ſtraught thou laiſt
The wine I gaue thée, was to forceen ſléepe.
My fathers charge all feare had quite exilde,
I roſe, and tooke in trembling hand the ſword.

(I

(I tell but trueth) thyse caught I vp the tole,
And thyse from out my reaching fist it fell.
I naytheleſſe enforced by my Syres
Ruthles precept, and wayleful warning gyuen,
Unto thy throte applyde the threatning ſworde.
But feare and pitty my attempts withſtode:
My ruthfull fiſt refuſde my fathers charge.
Renting my purple robes and treſſes downe.
In whiſpring wiſe then I thus gan to ſpeake.
Thy father (Hypermneſtra) cruell is
To thée, fulfill his Yeſt: a fellow let
Thy huſband Lynceus to his brothers goe.
Ah, I a mayden am by nature and
By age debonaire, ne my and he for warre
And ſlaughter vnfitting is, ſémely fact.
But what? goe to, and whyle occaſion ſerues
Thy valiant ſiſters ſue: I deeme by this
They all their Féres haue ſent to Plutos Court.
Oh, if this hand could any murther done,
Unto my bloud it ſhould an iſſue giuen.
For bearing rule within their vncles raigne,
They not deſerued death, which naytheleſſe
To forraine ſonnes in law ſhould béene aſſignde.
Put caſe the men hadde well deſerude to dye?
What haue we miſers donne? or howe aguilt?
What makes that I ſhould not be ruthfull aye?
Fie? what with cruell ſworde haue I to dw?
What ſhould a Mayd w̄ warlike weapons deale?

My

My handes for turne and twist more fitter were.
Thus I, and whiles I playne, my teares ensude,
And from my face vpon my carcasse fell.
Whilst me to coll ỹ threwst thy senceleſſe armes,
The ſword wel nie thine armes had recht a woũ
At length, of Sire, his seruants, and the day
Dreading: these words to break thy ſléepe, I spake
Lynceus, that of thy brothers sole dost liue,
This night (vnleſſe thou hast) will be thy lack.
Thou vprisse afright, and ſléepe abandoned.
In trembling fist thou sawst the cruell sword.
To thée, that tho didst long to know the cause,
Whilst night wil giue thée leaue flée, flée (quoth I)
By night thou fledst, and I remaind behind.
Aurora rose, when Danaus gan to count,
And tell the corses of his murthered sonnes:
Thou onelie of the tale were found to lacke.
That of his nephewes one had scapt the death
He toke in rage, complayning not enough
Bloudshed to be: such was his egar thirst:
I from my fathers fæte was taken straight,
And haulde by the haire, to cruell prison thrust:
Of ruthfull pitty such the gurdon was.
Dame Iunos wrath hath euer sith endurde,
That Io of a Nymph a Colve became,
And from a Colve to Goddesse was transforme.
Alas, twas paine ynough a silly mayd
To lowghe in fieldes, and not her loue to please.

But

But lately made a Cowe, her fathers banckes
She stode vpon, and gazed in the flod
Vpon the hornes, which earst were neuer hers.
And minding for to speake she lowght a god,
Both of her forme, and of her voyce afrayd.
Why Wiser dost thou flée? why muselt at
Thy selfe in forde, and numbrest so thy féete?
Thou art to other members now transmude?
Thou, whom dame Iuno had in great suspect,
With boughes, and sedge thy famine dost expell.
Of flood thou drinkst, and gazest all agast
Vpon thy forme, dreading ỹ hornes thou bearst:
And one, of late so rich as might accoy
The mighty Ioue, lyest bare vpon thy soyle.
By seas, by lands, and cosin flouds thou runst,
Both sea and land, and lakes do giue thee way,
Passage both sea and land, and lakes allow.
What is the cause of flight? why (Io) why
Dost thou rangle the largie seas about?
Thine own countnance thou maist not wel auoid
Why (Io) whether flées? the thing thou shonst,
Thou followste aye, and dost by flight pursue.
Thou dost both leade and follow her that leades.
Nilus, to sea with seauen fold streame that flowes,
Made her do way her brutish shape at last.
What nede I name the rest, that aged folke
Recite? my yéeres occasion yéeld of plaint.
My Syre and Uncle warre, we sisters we,

Of

Of realme and raigne erilde, are banisht farre,
Ye cruell, both the seate, and Scepter rules,
We nædie rangle with our nædefull syze.
Of brethren now the lesser part doth liue.
Whom I (as well the parties done to death
As Authors of the cruell fact) bewayle,
For loke howe many brothers I am bereft
So many louing sisters lost I eke.
For either part my dolefull teares I shead.
Lo, I (cause thou dost liue) sustaine the smart
What should I guilty beare? what tormēt bide,
That wrongfull paine without desert endure?
I that was one of hundred allyes earst,
One brother lyuing Myser shall be slayne.
But thou (O Lynceus) if regard at all
Of ruthfull sister lodge within thy breast.
And worthy be, the guerdon I thée gaue:
Or ayde me, or wyth death foredoe my corse.
And lay my limmes denoyde of life by stealth
In earth, my bones engraue with faithful teares,
And on my Tombe this slender title wryte.

A boone vnfit for ruth, in wrong exile,
The death, that Hypermnestra from her spouse,
And brother turnde shee myser wyght endurde.

Much more in hart yet could I find to wryte.
Sauc that my handes the clinking chaines do lode
And gastly feare my wonted strength bereues.

The

The Argument of the xv. Epiſtle, entituled Paris to Helen.

SIr Paris *gone to Greece*
fayre Helena *to coy,*
In Lacedemon *landes at length,*
receiued like a Roy.
At Menelaus *houſe:*
the Hoſt to Creta *goes*
Atreus *goodes but lately dead,*
in order to diſpoſe.
Whoſe abſence gaue the gueſt
occaſion to bewray
His ſute to Helen, *whilſt* (*goodman*)
her husband was away.
He shewes his ſecrete loue
and what good will he beares,
And to make breach into the Forte
the ſubtile ſouldier ſweares,
He bragges of Statelie ſtocke,
he vaunts of Princely kind:
He telles of Dardan *dames of* Troy
and more then was to find.
The Ladie to allure,
his painted sheath he ſhowde:
And in this wiſe his Peacocks plumes
the Troian ſpread abrode.

The xv. Epiſtle.

Paris to Helen.

THis gréeting Paris ſendes
to Ledas daughter déere:
Whoſe helthful ſtate doth whole depend
vpon thy fréendly chéere.
What? ſhall I ſpeake? or néedes
not this my flame be ſhowne?
And more then I could wiſh to be
is loue already knowne?
More leſſer ſhould it lurcke
(if I might haue my will)
Till fortune framde, as feare ne dreade
my gladſome ioyes might ſpil.
But I to cloake my craft
my loue not know the wayes
For who can hide the flanckring flame
that ſtill it ſelfe betrayes?
But if thou loke that I
with word confirme the déede:
Take this as proofe of hidden hart,
I fry with feruent gléede.
Let him that doth confeſſe
find at thy hand ſuch grace:
In reading fréendly all the reſt,
as fittes thy featurde face.

It

It made me ioy to heare
my letters were receiude:
Whereof that he shall fauour find
thy Paris hath conceiude.
Which hope I wish to be
of force, nor thou for nought
Of me through ouerpassed Seas
by Venus Yeftes be sought.
For least thou witlesse ere,
I came vnto this place
By warning of the Gods, and no
small God doth ayde my case.
Great guerdons I demaund,
but not vndue to me:
For Venus did compound that I
should fast be linckt with thee.
By her conduct I from
Sigeus litto2 came
In Phereclean Barck, and did
by seas my iourney frame.
She gaue me windes at will,
and weather safe to sayle:
No maruell if she that was borne
of waues, on seas prenaile.
Let her persist, and calme
the raging of my breft,
As earst she did the seas: and bring
my bowes to harbors rest.

I brought with me this fire,
I found not héere my flame:
Which was the cause that hether I
my voiage long did frame.
Not hither Winters stormes
or errour me did drive,
At Tænaris was aye my minde
and purpose to arrive.
Surmise not me with wares
or Merchaunts Mart to wende
Through filthful flods: the welth I haue
immortall Gods defende.
Ne as a gaser I
to Grecian Citties came:
For Troian towne (my native soyle)
thy Gréece would lightly shame.
But thou whom Venus earst
vnto my bed behight,
Didst cause me come, for whom I wight
or ere I knew the wight.
In mind I viewd thy face
before I salve with eye:
And brute by flickering fame at first
thy beauty did descry.
And maruell is it none,
if I as one that was
Ystroke a farre with thirlings shaft,
in lone my time do passe.

For

For so it pleasde the fates,
which least you séeke to break:
Lend eare to such vndoubted truethes,
as I intend to speake.
When me within her wombe
my mother did detaine:
And that the weary poyse thereof
her strowting corps did payne:
She séemd by Morpheus meanes
in dasled doubtfull dreame,
To haue as then béene brought a bedde
with flaming fiery streame.
Afright with feare she rose,
and what she saw she told
The aged King, and he forthwith
consulted sages olde.
Who preaching did pronounce
that Ilion should flame
With Paris fire, this ardent loue
I féele it was the same.
My forme and forward hart
(though then I séemde but base)
Was prowfe and token that I came,
of hault and hauty race.
A place there is in Ide
mid bushie landes below,
Whereto no open way doth lie,
but Pine and Holme doth growe:

Where neither simple shéepe,
nor Mountaine Goate did gnaw:
Nor lumpish Ore with flapping lippes
had fild his mownching mawe.
From thence the Dardane walles
and buildings huge to sée:
And waltring waues of drenching seas,
I leande against a trée.
With trampling féete me thought
the soyle began to moue:
(Though I displaye but trueth, yet thou
wilt scarce my tale approue:)
By force of flickring wings
was brought vnto the place
Cylenus, Atlas Nephew néere,
and stode tofore my face.
(As lawful twas to sée,
be léefull to recite)
And in his hand a golden rodde
the God did holde vpright.
And heauenly Ladies thrée
dame Venus, Iuno, and
The Princely Pallas all at once
set footing on the sand.
I quoke for dread, my hayre
stoode staring on my head:
When (set thy feare aside) to me
the winged Herauld sed.

Thou

Thou art a Iudge of formes,
stint all this godly warre:
And tell which of these three by right
thy verdite doth prefarre,
And least I should refuse
from Ioue he gaue me charge:
And therwith flue with gate directe
into the heauens large.
My strength began to grow,
and courage come anewe:
And then I dread not of the three
to take a perfit view.
All were surpassing wights,
but yet I stoode in dread:
(Assigned Iudge) that erie one
might not alike bee sped.
For one among the rest
surmounted other so:
And that it were the Nurse of loue
thy selfe wouldst lightly know.
Such carke they had to winne,
as eche one did intende,
By largesse, and their goodly giftes
my doubtfull dome to bende.
An Empire Iuno gaue,
dame Pallas vertues raigne:
I doubtfull stoode where powre or ver-
tue were the best of twaine.

When ſweétely Venus ſmild,
let gifts not moue thy mind
(Quoth ſhe) friend Paris: both repleate
with trouble thou ſhalt finde.
My onely bone ſhall be,
that thou ſhalt loue, and haue
The ſnow white Ledas darling déere
and daughter paſſing braue.
She ſayd, when iuſtly ſcand
both formes and guerdons weare:
The laſt with pricke and prayſe began
to mount vp to her ſpheare.
Meanewhile (as froward fates
to better fortune grewe)
By certaine ſignes for Priams chyld
the Troians Paris knewe.
The ſonne receiude, the houſe
long time was fild with ioy:
And that ſelfe day continues ſtill
as halowde yet in Troye.
And as I long for thée,
ſo Maydens loude me well:
Thou onely maiſt their wiſh atchiue,
and beare away the bell.
Not Princes heyres alone
or daintie dames imbraſt:
But ſéemely Nymphes in ardent loue
with me were coupled faſt.

But lothsome was their loue,
I wayde them all alèke.
When I of Helen stode in hope
whom Venus wild me sèke.
I waking with mine eye
did sèke thy face by day:
And in my hart I vielde thy forme
when Phœbus was away.
What wilt thou presente dw,
that in mine absence so
Didst Paris please? I fryde though farre
the fierie flame were tho.
Ne longer this my hope
I could deferre at last,
But that my purpose to aspyre
to Sea I went in hast.
With Phrigian Axe were cut
the Troian trées to ground:
And Timber, what so for the seas
most fittest then was found.
The haughty hilles were spoylde
of great and woren woddes:
And Ida lent me many a trée,
with al their stardie shrowds
The Okes for warped Rèeles
and rudder were ysquarde:
And with his crooked clinching ribbes
the ship was well prepарde.

Wle

We added Maske and toppe
and hanging sayles thereto:
And in the sides our painted Gods
were portred all aroe.
In ship wherein I went
was with her little boy
Dame Venus grauen, whose behest
was causer of my ioy.
When Nauie was addrest,
and ready was the charge:
To passe vpon Ægæan seas,
was giuen me in charge.
My parents by request
my voyage would haue stayd
And that I woulde sojourne with them,
as earnest suters prayd.
My sister with her locks
(Cassandra) lolling downe:
(When shippes were ready to auale,
from port within a stowne)
Why? whither gost (quoth shee?)
thy freighting shalbe slame.
Thou little knowst what fire thou fetst,
that doth this iourney frame.
I find her words a trothe,
I feele the foresayd heate:
And raging loue in yelding brest
as kindled Cole doth freate.

With

With that I left the porte,
by meane of bliſſefull blaſt
And frendly gale, I did arriue
vpon thy coſt at laſt.
Thy huſband tooke me gueſt,
with whom I harbourde thoꝛ:
And not without the Gods aduiſe
be practiſde that I know.
Who made me ſhewe of all
that goodly was to view,
In Lacedemon oꝛ els where
in ſtately Greece he knew.
But nought might pleaſe mine eye,
oꝛ hungry fancie leeke:
Who foꝛ thy paſſing prayſed ſhape
with longing hart did ſeeke.
Whom when I ſawe I muſde,
mine inward parts I felt
Surpriſde with new vnwonted cares
in monſtrous wiſe to melt.
A face reſembling thine
(of troth I mind it well)
Had Venus, when to iudge of hues
to Paris lot it fell
If thou hadſt there beene preſt,
contending foꝛ the game:
I doubt where Lady Venus ſhould
ſo lightly wonne the ſame.

Repoꝛt hath ſpꝛead thy pꝛayſe,
and Fame her trumpet blowne:
So that in euery countrey is,
faire Helens beauty knowne.
In Troian towne is none,
ne from the ryſing Sunne
A famous laſſe that foꝛ her hue
a ſemblant pꝛayſe hath wonne.
And if thou darſt beléeue,
thy beauty doth ſurpaſſe:
And common rumoꝛ doth impeache
and bréedes thy beautye laſſe.
Yere find I moꝛe then me
the Goddeſſe hath behight:
And all that gloꝛy by thy face
and foꝛme is paſſed quite.
Not Theſeus loude foꝛ nought,
that knew ſo well thy ſhape:
That were of ſuch a noble Duke
ſurmiſde a ſœmely rape.
When by the Gréekiſh guiſe,
a naked Nymph didſt ſpoꝛte
With naked wightes, in place of play
where Grecians did reſoꝛt.
I pꝛayſe him foꝛ his rape,
I muſe he would foꝛgoe
So good a pꝛay: with valiant hart,
it ſhould béene healde you knowe.

For from these shoulders first
should fall my scotched skull:
Ere thée out of my griping handes
a mortall wight should pull.
Would ere these armes of mine
haue let thée so depart?
Or during life mightst thou at all
from Paris clummes astart?
If néedes I shoulde forgone,
I would haue had a share,
For all in Idle should haue laine
the lustfull Venus ware,
Or I thy maydenhead would
and dainty flowre haue gaind:
Or that which might haue béen allowde
if maydenheade were restrainde.
To Paris ply, and thou
hys constant hart shall try
Who bowes with thée in selfe same fire
and funerall flame to frie.
For I haue thée preferde
before the regall Mace,
Which wealthfull Iuno offred, when
I sate in Judges place.
And to thée fine I might
with armes thy necke enfold:
I scornd the vertue Pallas gaue,
more worth then glowing golde,

That

That time when Ladies thrée
appearde in stately Ide,
But dexter iudgment there to haue
their doubtfull quarrell tride:
I sorrow not my choyse,
ne yet repent at all:
My stable mind dooth aye persist
as then it did, and shall.
This one request I make,
let not my hope be vaine,
(O famous dame) that well deseruste
pursute with endlesse payne.
No Rascall séekes to match
himselfe in Gentles blood:
Ne thou to be my wedded spouse,
mayst thinke thy selfe to good.
The Pleyade mayst thou find,
and Ioue with stately stile
To me alide, the middle Grand-
sires though I should concile
In Asia raignes my Sire,
(a fresh and fruitfull soyle)
Which scarcely may enuirond bee
with long and painefull toyle.
Of Citties many one,
and lodges shalt thou sée:
And Temples such as fit for Gods
thy selfe wilt déeme to be.

Great

Great walles with lofty towres
and Ilion shalt thou view:
Which stately buildings by the sounde
of Phœbus musick grew.
What of the hugie presse
of people should I tell?
The Country scarce containes the folke
that in the Citties dwell.
A troupe of Troian Dames
and Matrons thée will méete:
The Phrygian Femes will stuffe eche
and euery other stréete. (porch,
How often wilt thou say,
Achaia is but poore?
The welth of Grécish townes is found
in euery little powre.
Ne lawfull is for me
thy Sparta to despise:
The place where thou were fostred, I
more blissfull dw surmise.
Yet Sparta is but spare,
more pompe thou dost deserue:
So meane a soyle for such a face
doth nothing fitly serue.
Such beauty larger coast
would well beséeme indéede:
And aye on newe delightes were méete
for such a face to féede.

When

When thus thou view our men
attyrde and brauely dight:
What wilt thou iudg of Troian trulles
and of their vesture bright?
Now shew thy selfe a frend,
nor of a Phrygian scorne
Thou daintie dame, in Therapne-
an country that were borne.
For he a Phrygian was
and come of Troian line:
That to the Gods their Nectar giue
commixt with water fine.
A Troian Tython tw
and yet she likt him well,
That with the golden dawning dwth
the drowping night expell.
Anchises was a Tro-
ian borne, and bred they say,
With whom the Dame of Loue in Ide
in shrowding shadowe lay.
Thy spouse with me comparde
(though thou thy selfe were iudge)
For yeres and semely shape would be
a rascall and a snudge.
I will not giue to thee
a fatherlawe, that by
His cursed fact did force the son
his fearefull stedes to wry.

Ne Pelops was the Syre
of Priam that with blode
Of Oenamus imbrude his hands,
and Mertill drencht in flod.
Nor doth our Grandsire gape
for fruite in flattring lake
Of Stix, nor sékes for waues in Well,
his growing thirst to slake.
But what auaileth this,
if one be linckt with thée
Of their discent? Ioue is enforst
this families head to be.
Fie shamefull act, all night
that same vnworthy patch
With thée doth slépe, & with his armes
thy sugred corps doth catch
Thée scarcely I descry
when table clothes are led:
And that selfe time with carke and care,
and sorrow enough is sped.
Vnto my mortall foes
such banquets fall I craue:
As when that Bacchus comes to brode
I sillie Paris haue.
I hate mine harbour sore,
when so the rustick layes
His armes vpon thy snowish necke,
and with mine Hostesse playes.

I swell with wrath (but what
should I now all declare?
Whē with his clothes displaid ỹ chuffe
thy husband, hydes thy bare.
But when you gan to kysse,
and coll eche other apace:
(For that I would not sée) the Cup
I set before my face.
Looke when he thée imbrask,
to ground mine eyes I threw:
And in vnwilling mouth my meate
and yrkesome prawnder grew.
And grutching oft with gréefe,
I saw full well when thou
At those my woes in wanton wise
wouldst smile with laughing browe.
With wine oft times I would
that fuming flame oppress:
But drunkennes was flame in fire,
and thus my heate increask.
And sundry sights to shunne,
away my head I turne:
But thou eftsoones would make mine
and fancie to returne. (eyes
Thus doubtfull what to dw,
a gréefe these thinges to sée:
But yet a greater griefe away,
from such a face to be.

As

As much as lay in me,
this rage I striue to hide:
Yet naytheleſſe diſſembled loue
is quicklie to be ſpide.
Ne art thou ought deceiud,
to thée my wounds be knowne:
And would to God that of my gréefes
thou priuie were alone.
How oft when teares gan flaſh,
turnd I my head awry?
Leaſt he the cauſe of mournfull mode
ſhould fortune to diſery?
How often with Cup craſde
haue I ſome loue exprest?
And would vnto thy featurd face,
eche word and ſentence wrest?
And of my ſelfe in cloſe
and fained name made ſhowe:
Euen I am he that loude ſo well,
if thou the ſame not know.
And that I franklie might
vſe wanton words at will:
I would make wiſe of Bacchus wares
as though I had my fill.
Thy breaſt (I well recorde,)
(thy veſture béeing loſe.)
Diſplayd vnto my ſtaring eyes,
thy beauty did diſcloſe.

Thy breſt than Mountaine ſnow
or morning Milke more cléere,
Or Ioue that in the forme of Swanne
to Leda did appeere.
Whilſt at the ſight I gazde
(I helde a Cup by hap)
And from my fiſt the Cup it fell
and in the flooze did ſnap.
When thou thy daughter kiſt,
I would, the kiſſe to winne,
Hermions chéekes and cherrie lippes
eftſoone to ſmack beginne.
Sometime laid bolt vpright
of former loue would ſing:
And other ſighes by beck would giue,
a ſigne of ſecrete thing.
The chiefe of all thy Mates
I bourded but of late:
To Clymen and to Æthra I
in humble wiſe did prate.
Who aunſwered nothing els
but that they ſtode in dread:
And euen amidſt my earneſt ſute,
away from me they fled.
Would thou were plaſt as price
at ſome notorious watch,
That he who beſt in armes deſerud,
thée for his Féere might catch.

Then

Then as Hyppomenes wanne
Atlanta in the field,
To whom a flock of suters earst
in running race did yéeld:
As Hercules the hornes
of Achelous broke,
When Deianeiras loue to fight
the Champion did prouoke:
I would my valiant prowesse
in semblant sort haue showne:
And that thy beautie causde the same
to thée it should be knowne.
Now nought remaines, but euen
to sue to thée (faire Dame)
And grouse to force thy fæte to fall
if thou permit the same.
O flowre, and present prayse
of both thy brothers hyre:
O worthy wife for mighty Ioue
if Ioue were not thy Syre:
Or to Sigeian port
with thée I will retire:
Or in exile at Tænaris
my carkasse shall expire,
For why: no slender darte
hath cleft my brest in twaine,
The mortall wound hath brusd ỹ bones
and ransackt euery vaine.

In this (I mind it well)
Cassandra spake aright:
Who said in future time on me
a heauenly shaft shoulde light.
Wherefore, doo not despise
the loue allowde by fate:
So maist thou haue the gastly Gods
thy frends in nedefull state.
I haue a thousand thinges
which franklie to recite,
Receiue me to thy careless couche
in sere and silent night.
What? dost thou shame, or stand
in such a bashfull dred,
For to defile with secrete scape
thy chaste and bridely bed?
Too simple sure thou art,
a rustick might I say?
Thinkst thou that so well formd a face
from guilt may scape away?
Or thou must chaunge thy hue,
or not be heard at least:
Twirt beautie and an honest life
was neuer warre in feast.
For Ioue delights in stealthes,
and Venus loues the same:
Ne Ioue had bene thy Syre vnlesse
had Leda likt the game.

If

If griefes of loue haue force
scarce chast thou mayst be thought:
When lustfull loue and Leda light
into this world hath brought.
Then leade an honest life,
when we in Troy shall be:
Let none be able to defame
fayre Helen but by mée:
Now let vs forge the fact
which marriage shall amende:
If Ladie Venus words be true
as tho shée did pretend
Thy husband not in words
but déedes perswades thereto:
Who, for he would no hindrance be,
deuilde from Gréecs to goe,
He had no fitter time
to ride from home but than:
O Lord it is a world to sée
the subtile craft of man.
Mine host is gone, who sayd,
at parture: wife I will
Thou take in charge my Troian guest,
thy husbands Hestes fulfill.
I sweare, thou dost neglect
thy absent Féeres request:
For why? thou hast no carke at all
to entertaine thy guest.

What dost thou thinke indéede
that doltish silly man,
The thewes of Helens passing forme,
may iudge, or throughly scan?
In fayth thou art beguild:
for if the good the owes
He knew, therewith he would not trust
a guest he scarcely knowes.
Though neither thée my voice
nor frendship may procure
To yéeld me grace: conuenient time
may cause vs to play sure.
Or els we are but dolts,
and more then he to blame:
If such occasion we permit
to slide deuoyde of game.
In manner with his hand
he gaue his guest to thée:
Sée thou do vse such simplenes
that hath such care of mée.
The long and lothsome night
thou lodgest all alone:
And I poore Paris to redresse
my hapless harmes haue none.
Let intermedled ioyes
conioyne vs both yfeare:
And that selfe night shall séeme to vs
than brightest day more cleare.

Then

Then will I make my vowe,
appealing Gods to othe:
And by a sacred band to thée
for pawne ingage my troth,
And then (vnlesse the truth
I in my selfe repose
Be vaine) I vnto thée eftsoones
my Scepter will disclose.
But if thou shame, and dread
to condiscend thereto:
I onely will sustaine the guilt
and thou exempt shalt goe.
For why: thy brothers fact,
and Theseus will I take
As mirrors: nérer prowfe then this
I know thou canst not make.
The Theseus earst, they two
Lucippids haue bereft:
And I as fourth example made
and myrrour shalbe left.
My Nauie is at hand,
of men and armour store:
We shall to Troy flit in hast
by meane of winde and Ore.
Thou like a stately Quéene
through *Dardan* stréetes shalt ryde.
The commons will some Goddesse new
surmise to haue espide.

What

What way soeuer thou goest
the perfumes they shall sweate:
And slaughtred beastes the gozie ground
with bloudie strokes shall beate.
My sisters with my Dame,
my brothers with the king,
And all the Troian Matrons shall,
their ample presents bring.
Oh, scarce one parcell I
of future thinges recite:
Thou shalt haue moze then in these (lines
my fæble pen can wzite.
Ne dw thou rapted stand
of dzeadfull warre in awe:
Ne feare ỹ Grutching Greece her fozce
to wzeake this rape will dzawe.
Though sundzy were conuayd,
was neuer none pursude
With clattring armes: of troth thys (dzead
vs causeless doth delude.
In Boreas name the men
of Thrace Orithia stole:
Yet Byston had no hatefull warres,
noz enmies to controle.
In nouell Barck was bzought,
by Iason thzough the seas
Medea: Colchos kept no coyle
ne Thessale did disease.

And

And he that ſtale thée firſt
reft Minos darling déere:
And yet his men of Creta did
not once in armour ſteare.
The feare in theſe affayres,
the daunger doth expell:
But afterward of feare we ſhame
when euery thing is well.
Put caſe that warre were wagde:
(if ſo thou liſt to thinke)
What, I haue men, and armour eke,
yea ſuch as will not ſhrinke.
And Aſia is no leſſe,
then is your Country wide:
Of valiant wights wee haue good ſtore,
and ſtartling ſteades to ryde.
Nor Menelaus ſhall
of greater courage be
Then Troian Paris, nor in armes
more ſtife and ſtoute then hée.
For béeing yet a child
I ſlewe my hautie foes
That ſtale my hierde: and of that fact,
my valiant name aroſe.
And being but a Ladde,
in ſundry cumbats wanne
The palme from Illioneus, and eke
Deiphobus the man.

And

And leaſt thou ſole ſurmiſe,
me to preuaile at hand:
I can enforce my thirled ſhaft
full nére the Marke to ſtand.
The like attempt in youth
Atrides neuer made:
Ne Menelaus mayſt thou match
with Paris for his trade.
Though all thinges els thou graunt
yet Hectorcannot be
His brother, which will ſtand in ſtéede
of thouſand men to me.
Thou little knowſt my power,
my force from thée is lockt:
Thou canſt not tell what man is he
with whom thou ſhalt be ſhockt.
Or with no tumult thou
ſhalt me require againe:
Or Grékiſh tents to Paris Mart
to yéeld they ſhall be fayne:
Yet néede I not diſdaine
to warre for ſuch a wife:
For why? the price doth well deſerue
to ſtirre a greater ſtrife.
And thou if all the world
for thée ſhall ſéeme to ſtriue:
Shalt ſtand aſſured in after time
for aye to be aliue.

Wherefore hath dreadlesse hope
departing from this shore,
And bliskfull Gods, demaund the gifts
I thée behight before.

The Argument of the xvi. Epiſtle, entituled Helen to Paris.

When Helen *had the Troian writ peruſde,*
She thought her ſelfe too ſhamefully abuſde.
She deemde it not the part of anie gueſte,
To whoredome ſo his Hoſteſſe mind to wreſt.
To quaile the Princocks pride, and make a proofe
Of ſportes fame, at firſt she ſtandes aloofe,
At length when to and fro she had diſcourſt
Of this and that, and colour well disbourſt,
She fawnes, she frownes, she frets, she ſpeakes him faire
She offred hope, but fed him with diſpayre.
As women wont, deuiſing manie a toie,
But Paris *her in fine conuaide to* Troy.

The xvi. Epiſtle.

Helen to Paris.

NOw ſince thy letters haue
thus raſhly wrongd my ſight:
I thought it needefull with my penne
thy Piſtle to requite.
And didſt thou dare a gueſt,
(the bounds of hoſtage broke?
And honeſt Matrone well eſpouſde,
to pleaſure to prouoke?
For this by whiſking windes
ytoſt on wauing Seas,
Did Tænaris thée with port relieue
thy painefull plight to eaſe?
Nor (through inguestred thou
camſt from a Country farre)
My Pallace did gainſt thée as then
his churliſh gates debarre?
That ſuch a wrong ſhould be
reward for good deſart?
Thou that didſt enter ſo haſt playd
no gueſtes but enmies part.
Though lawfull be my plaint
yet doubt I not at all,
But thou (when ſo thou heare thereof)
a rude complaint wilt call.

A ruſtick let me bée,
  ſo I not paſſe the bound
Of honeſt ſhame, and in my life
  no cankred crime be found.
So I in fained lóke
  doo cloake no churliſhe chéere:
Nor in my face no grim diſdaine
  nor bended browe appeare.
Yet honeſt is my fame,
  I liue deuoyd of ſpot:
No luſtfull Lecher for his life
  is able me to blot.
Which makes me muſe the more
  what ſhould embold thée ſo,
To take this ſtraunge attempt in hand,
  a maried wife to wowe?
Cauſe Theſeus wrongd me once,
  well worthy am I déemde
To be a Ruffians rape againe,
  and ſo to be eſtéemde?
The guilt was mine, if I
  allured were to ill
But I ſo rapted were by force,
  what could I doo but nyll?
Ne he by that his fact
  his hoped booty got:
Set feare and womans dread aſide,
  I nought abode God wote.

The wretch by wrestling wonne
at Helens hand a kisse:
And laid her on the lip sometime
he had no more but this.
Scarce would you béene content
(vnthrifty so you are:)
With that: I thanke the Gods, that he
and thou didst differ farre.
Hée yéeldyd me againe,
and me did scarcely touch:
And did repent him of his fact,
his modestie is such.
Did Theseus so recant
that Paris should succéede:
For feare least on my blased armes
the people should not féede?
Yet I am nothing wroth,
(for who can angry bee
With that she loues?) if this my loue
be faithfull vnto me.
For thereof doubt I fore,
not for distrust at all,
Or that my face and featurd forme
into suspect I call.
But for such light beléefe
and credite workes our woe:
And saters tales are freight with fraud,
and fired faith forgoe.

But others dw aguilt,
an honeſt Matron rare:
Who barres that I among thoſe fewe
ſhould haue a partie ſhare?
For cauſe my mother erde,
perhaps thou thinkſt me light
By her example to be wonne,
by meane of natures might.
To cloake my mothers crime
and errour is in ſtore:
For why? the Lecher lurckt in plume
to worke his will the more.
If I ſhould dw amiſſe
of force thereof I know:
There is no errour mine offence
to hide from open ſhowe.
Her ſcape is well allowde,
the Author made it leſſe:
There is no Ioue at all to cloake
my fault if I tranſgreſſe.
Thou brauſt vpon thy ſtock,
thy Grandſires Princes are,
This houſe of worthy Auncestors
and Nobles is not bare.
I will conceale that Ioue
was Atreus Grandſire great:
Of Tantalus, or Pelops I,
nor Tyndaris mind to treate.

But

But Leda lendes me loue
my ſtately Sire to be
Whom foule beguild with Swanniſh (forme
and falſed byrd we ſée.
Now baunt thy Troian heads
and ginners of thy race:
Let Laomedon be in prelle
and Priam eke in place.
Whom I commend: but he
that fift is of your line,
(Thy greateſt pride) I find the ſame
the foremoſt man in mine.
Though Troian Scepter I
account to be of fame,
Yet indge I not our Empire ought
inferiour to the ſame.
Suppoſe our wealth you paſſe,
and Teucrian troupe excell,
Our Grækiſh ſoyle: yet barbarous is
the Countrie where you dwell.
So great rewardes your lines
and letters me behight,
As well they might accoy, and cauſe
to yéld a heauenly wight.
But ſo I minded were
to breake the bounds of ſhame:
Thy ſelfe ſhouldſt ſoner make me yéld
then all thy gifts of fame.

Or I for aye wyll liue
and leade vnspotted life,
Or thée more rather would ensue
then all thine offers rife:
As I not scorne the same,
in price so are they thought
The greatest gifts to whom the gever hath their beauty brought.
But most of all I weigh
thy loue, that for my sake
Such paines abodst, whose hope to passe
the seas did vndertake.
And eke at tables set
though with dissembling brow,
I séeke to hide thine amorous tricks)
I note them well ynowe.
Sometime thou (wanton wight)
dost cast a glauncing blink
With wrested looke, whereat wel néere,
my daunted eyes dow shrinke.
Againe you sigh as fast,
another time you take
The cup, and where I drank, euen there
your falsed thirst doth slake.
With fingers (Lord) how oft,
and with a talking brow,
Hast thou me giuen secrete signes,
I wote well where, and how

And oft I ſtoode in feare
my huſband ſawe the ſame:
And often dreading to be ſpide
I bluſht with baſhful ſhame.
Oft times with whiſpring wordes
vnto my ſelfe I ſed:
(This is a ſhameleſſe gueſt) my wordes
did hit the nayle on head.
And often wrought in wine,
I rad vpon the boord.
Euen vnder Helens name (*I lone*)
I well record the worde.
But that I had diſtruſt
thereof, my lokes did ſhow:
But nowe (alas) to write the like
doth hapleſſe Helen knowe.
Theſe fancies might haue forſt,
my ruthfull breſt to bend,
And turnd my hart, if to a guilt
I would at all intende.
Thy feature I confeſſe
is rare, and ſuch to ſée,
As might allure a womans hart.
to linck her ſelfe with thée
I wiſhe that hap to fall
vpon ſome ſingle Dame:
Ere I with forraine loue ſhould ſéeke
my bridely bed to ſhame.

Well liked thinges to lacke
by my example leare:
It is a vertue to abstaine
from what thou hast so deare.
How many youthes haue wisht
for that which thou dost craue?
What? Paris dost thou deeme that thou
alone good iudgment haue?
Thou seest no more then they,
but madder, is thy mind:
Thy courage is no bett then theirs
lesse shame in thée I find.
Would then thou hadst repayde,
and hether come by flood:
When me in prime and flowring yéeres
a thousand suters wood.
Of thousand thou the first,
if I thée tho had séene,
(My doome to beare withall I craue
my husband) thou hadst béene.
To thinges possesse thou comst,
and gotten goods too late:
To slow thou were, another hath
in that thou craust, estate.
As then thy Troian wife,
I would haue wisht to bée:
So now Atrides not against
my will enioyeth me.

Cease

Ceasse thou with wordes therefore
to ransack Helens hart,
To her (thou sayst thou loouest so well)
procure no grutching smart.
But let me kéepe the sort,
that Fortune hath allowde:
Séeke not my fame and good report
to darke with shadie clowde.
But Venus so behight,
and in the vales of Ide
Thrée heauenly wights starke naked
to claime their beauties pride. came
Of whom one gaue thée raigne,
th'other Bellonas skyll:
The third pronounst that Helen shoulde
be pliant to thy will:
In fayth I scarcely thinke
such Ladies would vouchsaue
For chéefest beauties péereleste price
thy doubtfull domme to haue.
Suppose it were a froth,
the rest was all vntrue:
That for such iudgment I should bee
a recompence to you.
I stand not so much on
my beauties pride, to déeme
That me the greatest gift of all
the Goddesse did esteeme:

My feature is content
of men to purchase fame:
I like it not that Venus should
so much commend the same.
But nothing I denie
the prayse full well I leeke:
For to what end should I gainsay
the thing I cheefely seeke?
Ne let it wrath thee that
I hardly thee beleeue:
To matters of importance great
we scarcely credite giue.
Wherefore I ioy it most
that Venus likt me so:
And next for such a stately gift
that thou did take me tho.
And that thou didst preferre
my blased beauties good
For Pallas gift, and Iunos raigne
that there in iudgment stoode.
Then I thy vertue am,
then I to thee araigne:
I were to stonie if I would
not loue the like againe,
Good faith I am no steele,
but him to loue I shonne
Who (scarce I think) may be my spouse
when all my worke is donne.

Why should I fondly seeke
to plough the barren sand?
Or hope on that which place it selfe
doth very much withstand?
I skilleſſe am in scapes.
the Gods record I call
I neuer by deceitfull sleight
beguild my Feere at all.
In that to couert scrole,
my words I now commit
My letters do attempt a thing
they neuer practisde yet.
Thrise blest that are in byde,
I wote not how to play
That part as yet, to guilt full hard
I do surmise the way.
This dread doth much annoy
and sore I am agast,
Suspecting all the peoples eyes
on vs are fixed fast.
For this I feare in vaine,
the buzzing brute I know:
And Æchra what report had gone,
to me but late did showe.
Unleſſe thou mind to cease,
dissemble thou therefore:
But why shouldſt thou now stinte thy
thou canſt dissemble sore. (suite

In secrete vse thy toyes,
and spare thou not to play:
Now scope we haue, though not ỳ most,
my husband is away.
Ye now is farre from home
affayres compeld him so:
A iust and good occasion he
had out of towne to goe.
When in a doubt he stode
his iourney forth to take,
Dispatch (quoth I) good sir, and see
a quick returne you make.
Th'abodement likt him so,
as he to killing fell:
And gaue me charge of house & goods,
and bade me vse thée well.
I scarce my laughter helde,
which whilst I striue to stay:
Saue that it should be so indéede,
I had no word to say.
To Crete he went in hast
by helpe of wind and Oze:
But thou, that all thinges léefull are,
must not surmise therefore.
So is my spouse alacke,
as in his absence well
Ye doth me garde: that Princes haue
long reach canst thou not tel:

Fame

Fame doth impayze our ioyes
for how much moze you lèke
And prayse me: so much moze you cause
to stand in feare the Grèke..
The lawde I loue so well
(as now consistes the case)
Annoyes: moze better were that fame
had neuer blazde my face:
That I am left with thée
now he is farre away
Muse not: he trusts my manners well
and thinkes in me some stay.
My face did make him dread,
he trustes my life full well:
The suretie which my manners brédc,
my beauty doth expell.
Thou wilst me to be wise
and vse the present tide:
And not to let so fit a time
deuoyd of game to slide.
I would and am afrayde
as yet my hart doth quake:
And fearefull brest in doubt doth stand,
and knowes not which to take.
My spouse doth now dislodge,
and thou alone dost lye:
Thy beauty likes me well, and Helens shape contents thyne eye.

The nights are passing long,
and we to chat begin:
And thou art euen a pleasant guest
and both one house within.
Good sooth eche thing doth séeme
this fact to further aye:
And yet I know not how the same
my quiuering feare doth stay.
As thou perswadst but ill,
would well thou mightst constraine
Me to thy will, this rudenes then
should be expelde amaine.
Sometime receiued wrong
auailes the patient much:
How blist were I, such force to bide
if Helens hap were such?
More better were while loue
is rawe and grene to stay:
For flame that scarcely kindled is
full soone consumes away:
Fewe drops of sprinkled water wyl
the sparkling fire delay.
As straungers starters are,
vncertaine be their loues:
And when thou thinkst them surst of all
their wauering faith remoues.
Let Hypsiphil record
and *Minos* daughter trye:

For

For they themselues with wandring
in bridely band did tie. (wightes
And thou of whom Oenon
was manie yeeres imbrast,
Art sayd without a iust desart
to shunne the Nymph at last.
Which thou dost not denie:
and very troth to tell,
My chéefest care was to enquire
where thou didst vse thée well.
And though thou wouldest full faine
be stable nowe in louc,
Thou canst not, for thy Teucrian ships
will out of hand remoue.
While we do tale yfeare,
and fired night shalbe,
The wind will serue thy sayles so well
as thou wilt part from me.
Amid his pleasant course,
that vnacquainted play
Will stint, and with ỹ whisking winds,
our frendship passe away.
Shall I (as thou perswadst)
goe view the Troian towne?
Or vnto great Laomedon
a Daughterlaw be sowne?
Perdie I more account
of swift and flickring fame,

Than

Than that in euery land it ſhould
haue powre to ſpred my name:
What Sparta might of me
and all Achaia ſpeake:
What auncient Aſias famous townes,
and Priams manſion eake:
What Priamus of me,
and Priams wife might ſay:
Thy brothers, with the Troian dames
what might they blaſt I pray:
And laſt, how mightſt thou hope
me faithfull ſpouſe to find:
Thine owne example would procure
diſtruſt within thy mind.
What gueſt ſo euer ſhall
to Ilion repeare,
Will brēde ſuſpect within thy breaſt
and make thee ſtand in feare.
How oft wilt thou inragde
terme me by harlots name,
Forgetfull that thy owne offence
was cauſer of the ſame:
Thy ſelfe wilt both procure
and blame the fact at laſt:
Ere that I wiſh in hallow vaute
my carkaſſe to be plaſt:
But I ſhall haue the welth
of Troy, and braue aray:

And

And nw rewardes then promise was,
thus did thy Pistle say.
Of precious Purple I
and Arrasse store shall haue:
And be enricht with hugie heapes
of massie gold so braue.
Forgiue that I confesse,
I way not all the gold:
I wot not how this soile doth seeme
thy Helen to withholde.
For if I wronged were,
in Troy no succour is.
My brothers ayde I stand assurde,
and fathers helpe to misse.
False Iason euery thing,
to Medea behight,
And yet in fine from Æsons lodge
she was expelled quight.
And beeing so refusde,
she could not make returne
To Ætes, Ipsea, nor with Chalcio-
pe for shame soiourne.
I nothing dread the like,
no more did Medea tho
But sundre times abodements dm
good hope delude, we know.
The ships that now in surge
and perfull seas doo ryde:

When

When first they wayd their Ancors, had
a calme and pleasant tide.
The brand roth brēde my dreade,
wherewith thy Dame was led
Before her wonted time of byrth,
to haue bēne brought a bed.
The Soothsayers salues I feare,
which spake the time would be,
When men of Troy within their wals
the Grēkish flame should sēe.
As Venus frēndes thēe, for
shē wanne the glittring fruite,
And foylde the other two that were
her riualles in the sute:
So dread I their disdaines
which (by thine own report)
In iudgment were so put aback
in such reprochfull sort.
And if I follow thēe,
I doubt it not (alas)
But that through swordes & wreakefull
our hapleſſe loue shall passe. (blades
With Centaures to discorde,
and blody warres to wage
Did Hippodamia cause the men
of Thrace in yrefull rage:
And dost thou dēeme my Fēere
wyll vnreuenged goe.

In quarrell iuſt: my brothers bothe
and Tindaris alſo:
For that in brauerie you
your Marciall déedes recite:
The truth is thus, that frō your wordes
your features differs quite.
For Venus fitter thou
then Mars dooſt ſéeme to be:
Loue Paris, and let men of force
goe fight in fielde for thée.
Let Hector whom thou ſo
dooſt daunt in armour broyle:
An other kind of warrefare is
farre better for thy toyle.
If I were in my wittes,
or somewhat bolder were
I woulde vſe theſe: the women that
are wiſe will vſe this geare.
And laying ſhame aſide
perhaps héereafter I
Will condiſcend, and conquerde with
continuance will apply.
For that in ſecrete thou
dooſt long the reſt to tell,
The couert talke that thou wouldſt vſe,
I know it paſſing well.
To hatty ſure thou art,
thy harueſt is in graſſe:

Perhaps this tariance will the bet-
ter bring thy will to passe.
This ye my letters leaue
my guilty mind to showe:
Thou Quill, that wearied hast my hand
in this no farther goe:
The rest by Clymen I
and Æthra will disclose:
Which two are of my counsell chiefe,
in whom I trust repose.

¶ The Argument of the xvii. Epiſtle, entituled

Sappho to Phaon.

PHaon *in paſſage Boate*
his painefull liuing gate,
And ferrying folke from shore to shore
releeude his needefull ſtate.
T'was Venus *hap at laſt,*
without a profred hire
To Phaon *for his painfull toyle,*
a paſſage to deſire.
The wherryman *agreede,*
and ferried her for nought,
Whom he no heauenly Goddeſſe, but
a mortall woman thought.
She in reward a box
of oyntment gaue to him,
That could enforce a featurd forme,
and make the beauty trim.
Within a while *this Lad*
the Laſſes had allurde,
But wanton Sappho *leaſt of al*
his beauties beames endurde.
She loude him paſſing well,
he forſt her not a rush:
Her ſilly Nymph inradge with loue
a thouſand cares did crush.

The Argument.

To Cicill Phaon *goes.*
then Sappho *seemde vndonne,*
And thought by speedie leauing life
her vvasting flames to shonne.
From Leucas *she pretendes*
(Epyrus *Mount*) *to fall,*
And so by hastned death to leaue
both loue and life vvithall.
To Leucas *ere she came,*
to suing flat she fill,
And to vnfriendly Phaon *did*
deuise this freendly Bill.
In hope to winne *the vvight,*
and purchase loue againe,
Wherein she telles her twitching greefes,
and pennes her pinching paine.

The xvii. Epiſtle.

Sappho to Phaon.

WHere when thou ſawſt at firſt
my louing lines with eye,
Thou knowledge hadſt frō whence they came
and notice by and by:
Where if thou hadſt herein
not red the Authors name
And Sappho ſæne, ỹ hadſt not knowne
from whom this writing came:
Demaund thou wilt perhaps
what me procurde to write,
This kind of verſe, that merry tunes,
and Luting dō delight:
For that this loue of mine
is dolefull and the verſe,
Elegia cald a woefull kind
of myter to reherſe.
No Cythrō ſerues a mourning mind,
whom cruell cares dō pierce.
As ſtraw doth kindle ſone,
when Eurus ginnes to driue
The flaſh into the fertill fields:
euen ſo I fry aliue.
To Ætna Phaon now
hath tane his way in haſt:

And mee poze wench as great a fire
as Ætnas flame doth walke.
I can not frame my frets,
my stubborne stringes dw iarre:
Foz why: in déede of quiet mind
such verses tokens arre.
Pyrino is forgot,
ne Driads dw delite
Wy fancie: Lesbian Lasses eke
are now forgotten quite.
Not Amython I force,
noz Cydno passing fine:
Noz Atthis, as she did of yoze
allures these eyes of mine.
Ne yet a hundreth moe
whom (shame ylayd aside)
I fancide erste: thou all that loue
from them to thée hast wryd.
In thée doth feature flowe,
thy yéeres foz daliance apt:
Thy face, O face t'is thou that hast
my shaken sences rapt.
A Uiuer and a Lute
take thou in hand, and thée
Apollo men will déeme: d'on hornes
and Bacchus thou shalt bée.
And Phœbus Daphne lowde,
king Minos darling déere

God

God Bacchus likt, yet neyther of bothe
a Cytherons string could steare.
But me Pegasian Nymphes
haue learned on the Lute,
And throughout all the worlde is borne
of Sapphos songs the brute.
Nor Alcæus (though vpon
a statelier string dw sound
My Mate for Arte. and Country eke)
a greater prayse hath found.
Though I at natures hande
no featurde face could gaine:
Yet those defaultes of kind I quite
by goodnesse of the braine.
Disdaine me not, although
but meane my stature be:
And in pronouncing very short
you Sapphos name dw see.
Put case I be not fayre;
swarthy Andromed to view,
Duke Perseus pleasd: Morisco soyle
allowde her tawnie hewe.
Full oft the whitest Doues,
with specled Culuers tred:
And oft we see the Turtle browns
with Popingay doth wed.
If none, vnlesse her forme
could match thy featurd shape,

Should lincke with thée: thou doubtlesse
from marriage aye escape. (shouldst
But when thou bewdst my verse,
then Sappho séemde in sight
A comely wench, thou swarst that mée
alone became to wzight.
I sang, I mind it well,
foz louers fire in bzeast
Fozepassed toyes, and thou the while
to killing thée addzest.
Those bulles lykt thée eke,
foz euery point I was
Befancide well: but mosse when wée
to Venus pzancks did passe.
Then did my wanton tricks
and lofty mounting, mozе
With sugred wozds delight thy minde
(my Phaon) then of yozе.
And that when bothe our ioyes
confounded were, I lay
With weary limmes, and languoz lame
and had no wozde to say.
Now are Sicilian trulles
thy nouell pzay, I séе:
In Lesbos what make I? a wench
of Sicill I will bée.
O Nysian Matrons, O
Sicilian Dames I say,

This loytring guest of ours expell
your Countrie bounds I pray.
Ne let his glosing tongue
your listning eares beguile:
For why, to vs he hath ere this
vyse that selfe same stile.
And Ladie Venus thou
that knowne art to dwell
(Rue on thy Poets piteous plight)
among the Sicans fell.
Will aye this cruell chaunce
in one selfe tenor runne?
And still persist in spitefull sort
as when her race begonne?
For but a Babe in yéeres,
and lacking thrée of nine,
My parents bones I gathered vp
and bathde with saltish brine.
My nédefull brother burnt
with beastly strumpets flame:
And did endure both wrack of wealth
and spitefull losse of fame.
To beggrie brought he plies
the flyding seas with Mye:
And getts againe with shameful shyfts
the wealth he spent before.
And me for sound aduise
pursues with deadly hate:

This

This was the onelie good to me
that my frée ſpeaking gate.
And eke as though I lackt
a cauſe to bréede my dole,
My little daughter heapes vp hoe,
that prétty prátling ſoule.
But laſt of all, thou art
the forger of my bale:
Aye me poore wench, my beaten Barcke
flits not with pleaſant gale.
Marke out of order howe
my lolling trefles flée:
No gliſtring Gem, or Iuell is,
vpon my hand to ſée.
My veſture is but vile,
not ſpangled is my top:
My hanging hayre with Tiuit, nor
Arabian dewe doth drop.
From whom (vnhappy Gyrle)
ſhould Sappho goe ſo gay?
Whom ſéeke to pleaſe? the Author of
my brauerie is away.
My gentle yéelding breſt
eche lightſome darte may browſe:
And aye I find a cauſe to loue,
and can none other chooſe.
Or els at time of byrth
the ſiſters let this lawe:

Allowing

Allowing me ſuch cruell twiſte
that did my deſtny drawe:
Or cuſtome growes to kind,
and vſe becommes an Arte:
I wote not well, but ſure I haue
by kind a gentle hart.
What wonder if with ſuch
a beardleſſe youth I were
Attacht, whoſe tender childiſh yéeres
allowde his chinne no heare?
I dread (Aurora) leaſt
for Cephalus thou would
Vchoſen him: ſaue that thy former rape doth thée withholde.
If Phœbe view him once,
that all ſuruayes with eye:
My Phaon ſhall be quickly forſt
in ſlumber long to lye.
In Iuorie Wagon would
dame Venus to the ſtarres
Borne him: but that ſhe feard he would
haue coyde the God of Warres.
O thou that neyther art
a boy, nor man in ſight,
But apteſt age: of all thy race
the moſt excellent wight,
Come hither, come, and to
my boſome make retowre:

No loue I craue in fayth of thée
but thée to loue the powre.
I write and from my chéekes
the dewie teares distyll:
Behold how many blots they cause
in Sapphos dolefull bill.
If néedes thou wouldst haue gone,
yet this allow for true:
Thou mights haue sayde at parture, O
my Lesbian Lasse adue.
But now no teares of mine
ne latter kysse thou had:
Ne (to be short) of such mishaps
as are befall, I drad.
With me is nought of thine,
saue wrong yleft indéede:
Ne gaue I warning that thou hadst
of faithfull loue the méede.
I gaue thée no precepts,
nor woulde haue done a iot:
But made a sute that Sappho might
at no time béene forgot.
By loue, that neuer farre
may from thy breast astart.
And sacred sisters nine (my saints)
whom I embrace with hart,
I sweare: when one exclamde
(I wote nere who to me)

And sayd now Sappho iogges thy ioy,
thy Phaon now doth flée:
I had no teares to shed,
my lippes did language lacke,
Mine eyes did want their gushing
my fottring tongue it stack (teares
Unto the roufe, and yse colde
my fearefull breast did racke.
When griefe was somewhat swagde,
and sorrowe gan to slake:
I howlde with torne locks, and with
my fist my bodie strake:
As doth the louing Dame
that to the Temple beares
Hir babe her corps without sense
and bathes his Tombe with teares.
Charaxe my brother ioyd,
and often past before
My face, and to and fro did iet
to make my dole the more.
And to encrease my shame,
would wit my cause of woe:
And say, why weepes this woman: why
her daughter liues I trowe.
Oh, shame and earnest loue
can neuer well agrée:
Howe there with open breast I stode
the Vulgar folke did sée.

Thou

Thou Phaon art my carke,
my dreames reduce to mind
Thy countnance: dreames w̄ clearer
the shining Sunne I find. (then
I méete thée oft in sléepe,
though thou be nothing nie,
But of this sléepe the slipper ioyes
too soone away dw flie.
Full oft vpon thine armes
my lodging necke I lay:
And then me thinkes thy head as much
my limber armes dw stay.
I know thy kisses well,
and am not nowe to séeke
How thou were wont to smack thy
and she to dw the léeke (wench
I play the wanton Gyrle
sometime, and séeme with thée
To chat, and thinke my slumbring sence
awaked wide to be.
I blush to tell the rest
that followes, but there is
Naught left vndone that breéds delight,
I could not Phaon misse.
But when that Titan splayes
his face, and all beside:
I make complaint that winged sléepe
so soone away did slide.

To

To Groues and Caue I trudge,
as though they did me good:
The Caue & Groues that witnes there
in place of pleasure stode.
Inragde I thither runne,
as doth the franticke fro
Whom fell Erichtho hath in chase
my locks at random goe
There plainely I descry
with rotten Tothe yspred
A place that earst in lieu was
to me a better bed.
I find the Wood where we
with boughes and gallant greaues
Pshadowde haue full often laine
among the flittring leaues.
The owner is alack
both of the place and me:
The place is but a filthy soyle,
the place his dowre was hée.
The twifolde turning turffe
I knowe it very well,
And grasse, with bended head to grounde
that with our tumbling fell.
I layde me grouse vpon
thy wonted side: the banck
(A pleasant plot of pleasure earst)
my flushing teares it drank.

Againe

Againe the naked boughes
(their garments layd in ground)
Did ſéeme to mourne, no merry fowls
did vſe his warbling ſounde.
The wofull Dame alone
that fowly was awroke
Upon her ſonne that Iris hight
in dolefull dittie ſpoke.
The chyrping fowle her child,
but Sappho wayles her loue,
Forlorne laſſe: when all thinges els
the ſlumbers ioyes do proue.
A Chriſtall well there is
than ſhyning Glaſſe more ſhéere,
A holy ſpring, ſome déemen that
ſome ſacred Saint is there.
A watry Lotos ſpreades
hys ſprayes athwart the well:
And all about with tender Sedge
the grénish ground doth ſmel.
Where woefull wight, when I
had layd me on the graſſe:
Eftſoone a ſtrippling did appeare,
a proper boy it was.
Ye ſtode him ſtill and ſayd:
what meanſt thou (Nymphe) I pray
To frie with ſuch vnegall flames?
to Ambrace goe thy way.

There Phœbus from aloft
the open Sea doth face:
Leucadium men they say, or els
Actæum terme the place.
Deucalion thence inragde
with Pyrrhas loue did fall
Of purpose, and he naytheleſſe
ſuſtaind no hurt at all.
And ſtraight conuerſed loue
forſoke his ſwelting breaſt
That was yfrencht: and ſo good man
Deucalion came to reſt.
Such is the place his powre
and hidden force by kind:
Goe thither in poſt, and ſkip adowne,
let feare not moue thy mind.
Ye vaniſht with his voyce
I roſe me vp agaſt:
And all to baind my cheereleſſe chækes
with teares that ſtuſhed faſt.
I (Nymphe quoth I) wyll trudge
vnto the bidden place:
Let raging loue haue force and powre
all feare away to chaſe.
What fortune ſo befall,
wyll better preſent plight:
O gentle ayre beare vp my corps
that now is paſſing light.

And thou (O frendlie Loue)
come vnderset thy wing:
Least if I die, defame vnto
Leucadian goulfe dow spring.
Then I to Phœbus will
my pleasant Lute bequeath:
And brauelie cause to be ingraud
this Verse or two beneath:
O *Phœbus*, this her Lute
hath *Sappho* left to thee:
For in that Arte she during life
and thou did well agree.
Fie (Phaon) why dost thou
me to Acteum driue:
And thou thy selfe mayst make returne
and saue thy loue aliue?
More healthfull then the flode
of Leucas thou mayst be:
And by thy beauties seemely shape
Apollo vnto me.
And canst thou (oh) more hard
then rocke, and ruthlesse waue
If so I die the title of
my death indure to haue?
Ah, how much better might
my breast conioyne with thine,
That thus be cast from craggy cliffe
to Seas of surging brine?

That

That ſelfe ſame breaſt which thou
commended haſt ſo oft:
And which wō paſſing wiſedome frought
thy ſelfe (frēnd Phaon) thought.
Now would I were facond,
but dolour hinders Arte:
And all my wit is me bereft
by long enduring ſmart.
My woonted vaine in verſe
is ouerdry become:
My lowring Lute laments for woe,
my Harpe with dwle is dombe.
Yē Lesbian Laſſes all
that border on the Lake:
And yēe that of the Æolian townes
your names are thought to take.
Yē Lesbian Laſſes (that
for cauſe I loude you ſore
Brēde my defame) vnto my Harpe
I charge you come no more.
Loke what did like you earſt,
of that is Phaon ſped:
Alas poore wretch, my Phaon I
had very nēre yſed.
Cauſe Phaon to retyre
and then your Poet will
Reuert againe: t'is he that doth
both make and marre my ſkill.

What? do my prayers prevayle,
or pierce his stéely brest
Or is he standing stiffe at staye,
a retchlesse rigorous guest?
Or do the puffing winds transporte
my wordes into the west?
The gale that hence convayes
my voice, oh that it might
Reduce thy fléeting Barck againe,
and bring thy ship in sight.
O overlingring Lad,
in fayth if thou were wise
Thou wouldst attempt to make returne
and follow mine advise.
What? wilt thou come? or no?
we for thy ship prepare
Our vowed gifts: why doth thy stay
enforce our hearts to care?
Avale and lose thy Barcke,
take seas for Venus shee
That came of seas, will calme ỹ surge
come of the gale will bée
As friendly to the comming Kéele,
as thou wouldst wish to sée.
At Helme will Cupid sit,
and steare thy ship to land:
He both will hoyse and hale the sayles
with skilfull Boateswanes hand.

Or if thy pleasure be
from Sappho farre to trudge:
(Who neuer did deserue so yll
of thée, thy selfe be iudge.
At least let cruell lynes
will her vnhappy wenche
Vnto Leucadian fourd to flée,
and there her corps to drench.

The Argument of the *xviii. Epiſtle, entituled* Leander to *Hero*.

LEander *loude a Laſſe that* Hero *hight*
And dwelt in Seſt, *the channell did deuide*
Their Countries ſo, as Seſtus *was in ſight*
Of Abydon, *that ſtoode in th'other ſide.*
Nightlie the youth to Hero *shoope his way*
And would returne againe before the day.

At length the tempeſt roſe, the windes did blo,
The waters wrought ſo roughly as they could
That ſeauen dayes ſpace Leander *might not goe,*
To Seſtus *shore as he was wont of olde:*
But yet by chaunce a Mariner there went,
By whom theſe lines vnto his loue he ſent.

Wherein he showes his loue and faithfull hart.
Wherein he plaines againſt the troublous Tide,
And vowes at laſt (all dread yſet apart)
To ſwim the ſeas, that he before had tride:
He rather choſe to hazard life, then dwell
A vveeke or two from her he loude ſo well.

The xviii. Epiſtle
Leander to Hero.

FRom Abydon theſe lynes
Leander doth indite,
And health to Hero ſendes which he
would rather bring then write,
If Neptunes waters were
with frendlie Gods agreed:
There were no choyſe for thee to chooſe,
but thou my words ſhouldſt rede,
But Gods withſtand my wiſh,
and keepe my hope areare:
That will in no wiſe giue me leaue
to flit vnto my feare.
Thy ſelfe dooſt ſee the ſkyes
with pitchy clowdes ſo black,
And waltring waues ſo toſt with wind,
as ſhippes are nie the wrack.
Yet one, then all the reſt
more bold, by whom I ſende
Theſe lines, to Seſtus by the Seas
did dare his courſe to bend.
With whom Leander would
haue beene imbarked faine:
Had not Abydos giuen the gaſe,
and ſeene his ſhipping plaine.
I could not keepe the fact
hid from my Parents eye
As earſt I had, but that they woulde
my lurking loue diſcry.

At length I toke my Quill,
wherewith I might endite,
Go blissefull scroll to Heros handes,
than snow (quoth I) moze white
First will she thée receiue,
and after touche with lip
When shée with toth shall goe about
the signed seale to rip.
These whispering wozdes I spake
in soft and silent sozt:
The rest my wzyting hand did wyll
my paper to repozt
That hand wherewith I would
moze rather swimme then wzite:
And cut the waues frō dzenching goulfe
my flitting cozps to quite.
Than fist that fitter is
to clap the flode that floes:
And yet will serue my turne right well
my secretes to disclose.
Now seauen nights are ypast
since Neptunes rage begun:
A yéere well nie it sæmes to me,
so slow the time doth runne.
If any pleasant nap
oz quiet sléepe mine eyes
In all this place surpzise: let Seas
persist in yzefull wise.

Sitting

Sitting in dolefull dumpe
vpon a rocke, I see
Thy strond, my soule is present where
the carkasse may not be.
Beside in Turrets top
a Lambe I did discry:
Or els mine eyes were foule deceiude,
and toke their marke away.
Thrise layd I downe my robes
to safe and sandie shore:
And naked thrise assayde to swimme,
as oft I had before:
But swelling waters made
me of my purpose fayle,
And by the force of froward streames
did drenche me top and tayle.
Oh waywardst of the windes,
of Æols Impes the wurst:
Why dost thou shew thy selfe to mee,
so cruell and so curst:
I, not the surging Seas,
of this sustaine the smart:
This were ynough if thou of loue
hadst neuer felt the darte.
For though with cold thou quake,
yet canst thou not deny,
But that with thou Orithias flame
thy frosty flesh did frie.

When thou wast fully bent,
dame Venus sportes to try:
If any had restraind thy course
thou wouldst haue lookt awry.
Oh, (Boreas) tame thy wrath,
rebate thy raging yre:
So Æole giue thee nought in charge
but as thou wouldst desire.
My sute is all for nought
my labour is in vayne,
He doth not seeke the tossed waues
to maken smooth againe.
Would Dedall would allow
me wished winges at will:
Though by such sleight his sonne into
the neighbour waters fill.
What fortune so should chaunce
Leander would abide:
To fine his feathered corse might flee
on waues that wont to slide.
But whilst I am debarrde
by wrath of waue and wind
To forrow Seas, I do reuoke
my passed ioyes to mind.
When Phœbus gan to fall,
and gaue his sister place:
(I ioy to think) my Fathers lodge
I fled with spedie pace.

And straight with shifted robes
all dread I did remoue:
And in the flood I flung mine armes,
the Delphines Arte to proue
The Moone did shine as light
as any Sunny day:
As one that would with all her powre
assist me in the way.
I casting vp mine eyes,
on her that clearely shinde:
Said. Mercy (Moone) thy Mariner:
call Latmus hill to minde.
Endymion thée denies
to beare a ruthlesse harte:
Wherefore to these my secrete stealthes
thy frendly face conuart.
Thy selfe (a Goddesse) didst
a mortall wight imbrace:
And she, whom I pursue, is euen
a Goddesse for her face.
I leaue her thewes vntoucht,
wherein she may compare
With heauenly péeres, such feature fals
on earthlie creatures rare.
Saue Venus passing shape,
and thine vnspotted face
Is none whom she ne doth excell,
thy selfe discerne the case.

How much thy golden Lampe
(when thou thy pride dost show)
Surmounts all other streaming starres
that in their circles glow:
So farre surpasseth shee
eche other mortall wight:
And if thou doubt thereof good fayth
deluded is thy light.
Such words I did pronounce,
or not vnlike to these,
Whilst I by night directed course,
amid the yéelding Seas.
The water glistred with
rebound of Phœbes rayes:
And night for clérenes might compare,
euen with the brightest dayes.
No voyce I heard with eare,
but euery thing was husht:
Saue whilst my body brake the waues
the troubled water rusht.
Alcyones alone
did vse a pleasant note:
And did record Ceycus loue
with swéete and warbling throte.
At length my hands gaue vp,
mine armes could worke no more:
Then stode I on the waues aloft,
and cast mine eyes to shore.

No ſoner ſaw I light:
my loue is yonder way
(Quoth I) that coaſt doth harbour her
on whom my life doth ſtay.
Then ſtreight my ſtrength renude,
mine armes had ſtrength againe:
Me thought (than earſt) the ſoming ſeas
I ſwam with leſſer payne.
The ardent gleames I bare
in cloſe and louing breaſt
Would not permit that I ſhould be
with watry cold oppreſt.
The more I came to ſhore,
or did approch the land:
Me thought I could a greater charge
of ſwimming take in hand.
But when I came in ſight
that thou mightſt take the viewe:
Thy gladſome lookes my fainting force
with comfort did renue.
Then ſhewd I all my ſkill,
to feede thy hungry eyes:
And, for thou mightſt diſcerne mine
I heaude them to the ſkyes. (armes
Thée from the flowring forde
thy Nurſe coulde ſcarce reſtraine:
With fired eye I markte it wel,
and ſawe it paſſing plaine.

Whom

Whom though the Hag withheld.
as was in her to dw:
Yet with the ſwelling tide thou wettſte
the leather of thy ſhoe.
And claſping me in armes
didſt kiſſe Leander oft:
Such kiſſes as of Gods by Seas
were worthy to be ſought.
And from thy ſhoulders gauſt
me garments of the beſt:
And drieaſt my hayre that was bedewd
and with the waues oppreſt.
The reſt, thy guilty towre,
the night and we dw know:
And Phœbe with her frendly Lampe
that did my paſſage ſhowe.
The nights ſurpaſſing ioyes
no bett may be diſcrvde,
Then Helleſpontus waltring waues,
that Helles life depryude.
Yow ſhorter was the ſpace
on Venus to beſtow,
We toke the greater hede that it
in ydle might not goe.
Thus weares alway the night,
and Lucifer the ſtarre
Declares that Tythons louing ſpouſe
(Aurora) is not farre.

Then

Then forging dolefull plaints
that Nox hath runne her race
With ouer hasty foote our frænd-
ly kisses walke apace.
But when the crabbed Nurse
beginnes to chide and chowze,
With heauy hart I take my course
to seaward from the Towze.
At parture both lament,
to Helles goulfe I goe:
And whilst mine eies wil giue me leaue
to thee my lookes I throw.
In faith vnto thy stronde
I like my swimming well:
But backward when I bend my course
it likes me neuer a dell.
And certes when I come,
the middle Sea seemes plaine:
But rough and full of hanging hilles
when I retire againe.
And (little wouldst thou thinke)
I stay against my will
In Abydon: long to I lodge
with thée in *Sestus* still.
Oh, Gods, why should the surge
two lincked harts deuide?
Why they that are of gréeing mindes,
one hostage are denide?

Els I with thée in Seſt
would make a long ſoiurne:
Or thou with me in Abydon
ſhould ſhape a quick returne.
I force not on the place,
ſo we yfeare may dwell,
Thou louſt my Abydos, and I
thy Seſtus like as well.
Why do I ceaſe to ſwimme
for raging waters yre?
Or why the roring wind (a ſlender cauſe) make me retyre?
Now croked Delphins know
the faithfull hart I beare:
All other kind of ſcaly fiſh
wyll for Leander ſweare.
With paſſing to and fro
I haue a path ymade
In waters, as the Carts are wont
where chiefely lyes their trade:
Which could not come to paſſe
with flitting now and than:
That now for windes I can not do
the like, I curſe and ban.
Now drenched Helles flode
is ſo with tempeſt toſt:
As Hulkes in harbour hardly ſaue
themſelues from being loſt.

When

When ſhe poꝛe ſilly wench
by waters loſt her life,
I iudge that tho th'infamed waues
were at a ſemblant ſtrife.
This goulfe hath hate enough
and ſhame foꝛ dꝛowning one:
Wherefoꝛe it may the better let
Leanders life alone.
I ſpite at Phrixus fate
that on the golden Ramme,
Theſe fretting ſeas in ſpite of waues
and ſurges ſafelie ſwamme.
But I will neither ſhẽpe,
noꝛ ayde of ſhip require:
If ſo the waters would be ſuch
as ſwimmers would deſire.
No foꝛraine helpe I craue,
ſo waues goe not to rough:
My ſelfe will be the paſſage Boate
and Bargeman well ynough.
I will be neither Beare
direct my ſteareleſſe ſhip.
My loue ſuch publick pæuiſh ſtarres
eſtæmes but as a chip:
Let thoſe that liſt behold
Andromede the fayze:
The golden cꝛowne, oꝛ Parrhaſis
that ſhines in Noꝛthen ayze.

Leander makes no count
of any of their light:
No not of her whom Perſeus choſe
or Bacchus for delight.
Another ſtarre I haue
ſurmounting all the reſt:
That will not ſée mine earneſt loue
with darkſome clowde oppreſt.
Whereon when ſo I gaze,
to Colchos Launcher bound
As Iaſon did, I trauell coulde,
or to a further ground.
I would in flitting farre
Palæmons cunning paſſe:
Or Glaucus that became a God
by taſting of the graſſe.
Mine armes do often ake
with ſundring of the waue:
That ſcarcely can I ſwimme to ſhore
my wearie corpes to ſaue.
But when I ſay (good chéere,
you ſhall not faile your hire,
And for your paine eftſoones you ſhall
to Heros necke aſpire.)
Then wonted valiant force
beginnes to grow againe:
And like a Courſer forth I thruſte
that would be formoſt faine.

Thus I my burning flames
reserue in couert west:
And thée pursue of heauenlie staule
as worthy as the best.
Yet though thou well deserue
a heauenly wight to be:
Demoure in earth or make me showe
how I may come to thée.
I sée it thence procédes
that I thée seld enioy:
And thence it comes that with my mind
the wrathfull seas annoy.
What gaines Leander though
the passage be but small?
For him it were as good that these
were wydest Seas of all.
I somewhat doubtfull stand
what first to wish or craue:
To be so nigh, or farther off
both loue and hope to haue.
The nearer I approche,
the more my flame doth gléede:
I lacke the thing I most desire,
though hope mine humor féede.
I may well nigh with armes
(so néere it is) imbrace,
And not enioy: which makes the teares
oft times embrue my face.

I may my lotte compare
with Tantals hungry loze:
That hath both fode and liquoz by,
yet famine bites him loze.
What shall I neuer straine
thée in my folded armes
But when the water list? redzesse
is none foz those my harmes:
And since no surety may
in wind and waues be found,
Shall all his hoped trust in waues,
and wind, Leander ground?
If tempests thus dw rage
while Æstas is in place:
How will they roze, when watry signes
shall shew their stozmy face?
Oz els I dw not knowe
my fond and witles rage:
Oz els euen then I shall my cozps
vnto the goulfe ingage.
And least thou should surmise
my painted pzomise vaine:
My déede shall wel approue my wozdes
within a day oz twaine.
Ere many nights shall passe,
(in spite of Neptunes powze)
I mind to swimme the swelling seas
Leander dzeades no showze.

Foz

For eyther will I liue,
and Heros loue enioy:
Or by my death of carefull loue
abandon all annoy.
And so it sort I die,
this onely boone I craue,
My carkasse to be cast on land
with thée his Hierse to haue.
I know thou wilt both touch,
and eke deplore the same:
And say (Leander) I thy death
against my will did frame.
This fell abodement may
perhaps offend thy hart:
And these forespeaking lines of mine
increase thy silent smart.
Let all such fancies goe.
helpe (Hero) to request
That waltring waters may be calme,
and belking Seas at rest.
Small time of truce will serue
to bring me to thy shore:
When I am there let Neptune frowne,
and ruthlesse chaunell roare.
There may Leander make
a safe and sicker staie:
His shippe no surer harbour can
nor Barck haue better Bay.

Let Boreas me include
where I so faine would bée:
And then Leander loth to swimme
from Sestus thou shalt sée.
I will not then goe scolde
with déeffe Seas as tofore:
Ne yet that waters are vniust
in woonted wise deplore.
Let Heros armes withhold
let windes enforce me stay:
Let double cause prevaile to stop
Leander if they may.
When tempest shall permit,
to Sestus will I hie:
Sée that thy Lampe be burning aye
for feare I swimme awry.
The while receiue my lynes
I wrote with quaking pen:
Ere long my selfe will be with thée,
if Fortune say Amen.

The Argument of the xix. Epiſtle, entituled Hero to Leander.

When Hero *had* Leanders *lines receiude,*
His louing Letters reade, and throughly ſcand:
His faithfull hart and conſtance ſhe perceiude
Which made her write againe with willing hand.

Sometime for ſluggiſh him the Wench controld,
To ſhevv her ſelfe a leuing Laſſe indeede:
Sometime ſhe biddes him not to be too bolde
Nor haſten more to Seſtus *than were neede.*

Now cryes ſhe out againſt the mounting waues,
And craues a calme at cruell Neptunes *hand:*
And by and by with Æolus *ſhe raues,*
And Boreas *blamde, that did her loue* withſtand.

Sometime ſhe dreades leaſt ſhe forlorne weare,
(As common trade of louers is to doo:)
But laſt of all ſhe wils *him to forbeare,*
And not to come whilſt vvindes did bluſter ſo,
And waters vvarde, that perrill vvas to paſſe
The curſed ſtreame vvhere Helle *drenched vvas.*

The

Hero to Leander.

THye health thou ſent in woꝛds,
that I may haue indéede
Doo way (Leander) all excuſe
and come thy way with ſpéede.
All ſtay toꝛments me ſoꝛe,
that doth my ioyes expell:
And mercy, ſince I doo confeſſe,
I loue thée paſſing well.
We both doo burne alike
and fry with egall flame:
But I am weakeſt of the two,
my nature willes the ſame.
As womens coꝛſe is faint,
ſo are their minds not ſtrong:
If thou doo not repayꝛe at once
I ſhall be deade ere long.
You men contriue the time
and lothſome tide away:
In tillage of your ſoyles
ſometime you hunt the day.
Sometime at open barre
you pleade a clients caſe:
To Tennis now, and then with hoꝛſe
you runne a luſtie race.
Sometime you pitch foꝛ foule,
foꝛ fiſh you lay your line:
And when the day is ſpent and gone,
you fall to quaffing wine.

Now

Now I can none of these
though lesser were my flame:
Thy Hero can do nothing els
but cleape her louers name.
And that which sole remaines
(Leander) that I proue:
And, more then any wight would deeme
I rage with ardent loue.
Or I with Beldame nurse
do sit and chat of thée,
And do not little muse what should
thy cause of lingring be:
Or séeing Seas to surge
by meane of windie flawes:
In thy behalfe I check the winds
with wide and weakfull iawes.
Or when the calmed seas
haue somewhat quayld their powre:
I say thou mayst, but wilt not come
to Heros wonted towre.
Amid my griefull plaints
the saltish teares gush out
By streames: which crooked nurse dooth
and dryes with linnen clout. (wype
Oft times I séeke in sand
where I thy steps may find:
As though the foote once gone, the print
would aye remaine behind.

I aske when any came,
or any mindes to go
To Abbydon: to fine I might
thy ſtate by wryting know.
What ſhould I ſpeake how oft
I kiſſe with louing lip.
The robes which tho ỹ leftſt behinde
when thou to Sea didſt ſkip?
Thus when the day is ſpent,
and night our friendfull tide
Hath baniſht Phœbus from the Pole,
and ſtarres do ſhewe their pryde:
In ſtately turrets top
a blaſing Lampe I ſet:
Whereby thou wonted art my ſhore
and perillous ſtrond to fet.
Then I to paſſe the time
in haſt to Diſtaffe runne
An Arte which women vſe the greefes
of yrkeſome ſtayes to ſhunne.
O that thou knewſt my words,
that I pronounce the while:
Leanders name is all my talke,
Leander is my ſtile.
How thinke you (Nurſe) is he
by this come out of doze?
Or doth he ſtand in dread of ſcowles
that on his paſſage poze?

Hath

Hath he remoude his robes?
(good Beldame tell thy mind)
Or Dyle his ventrous careleſſe corps
as ſwimmers wont by kinde?
With that ſhe giues a nod,
not for ſhe heares me talke:
But drowſie ſlumber ſo procures
her gogling head to walke.
And then I pauſe a ſtound:
then (now he flittes) I ſay,
And with his well approued armes,
he beates the waues away.
Then ſpinne I for a ſpace,
and twiſt a thred or twaine:
And where thou be in middle Seas,
to learne I am full faine.
Sometime I giue the gaze
where I may ſée thée ſwimme:
And then we pray that Neptune wyll,
not chewe his chære to grimme.
Sometime we heare with eare
a noyſe that makes vs thinke,
That thou art then ycome to ſhore
and ſafe to Seſtus brinck.
Thus when the greateſt part
of night is flitted by:
The ſlumbring ſléepe by ſecret ſtealth
inuades my wearied eye.

Then (gainſt thy will perhaps)
thou dwſt with me ſoiourne:
And (though thy ſelfe wouldſt fayne
yet art thou here atourne. (diſlodge)
For now I ſéeme to ſée
thée ſwimming in the ſtwde:
And then to throw thy limber armes
on Heros back a good.
Another while with clothes
and woonted robes I hide
Thy moyſted limmes, and lay me down
faſt by thy wiſhed ſide.
And other toyes to taſt
and other feates to frame:
Which though I ioyd to put in vre,
my tongue to tell doth ſhame.
Oh me vnhappy wenche
whoſe pleaſures makes no ſtay,
And falſed is: for thou with ſléepe
art woont to ſlip away.
O Lord let vs that loue
at length with firmer lace
Inchaine our ſelues, let dreames no
true pleaſures ſo deface. (more
Why haue I lodge alone
ſo many nights arrow
In colde and carefull couch? why dwſt
thou proue thy ſelfe ſo ſlowe?

As

As now the waters are
too boyſtrous I confeſſe
For ſuch as ſwimme: but yeſternight
Neptunus rage was leſſe.
Why letſte thou ſlip that tide?
thou ſhouldſt haue feard the wurſt:
And not haue ſtoode in earneſt hope
for better then the furſt.
What though the weather ſhape
as well againe to ſwimme?
Yet that, becauſe it was the firſt,
of both I iudge it trim.
For ſeas haue ſuddaine chaunge,
the flood is altred ſone:
And when thou willing art to come
thy courſe is ſooner done.
Ariude to Seſtus ſhore,
no cauſe thou ſhouldſt at all
Haue of regrete: thee in mine armes
what winter ſtorme might gall?
Then I with gladſome mind
would heare the windes to rage:
And pray that Neptunes ſurging ſeas
their ſwelling might not ſwage.
But how befell you feare
your wonted paſſage ſo,
And dread the goulfe you ſcorn'd ere this
the cauſe I long to know.

For

For yet I will record
that when thou camst to Sest
The Chanell was as rough, or nie
as rough as may be gest.
When I exclamde aloude,
(mine owne) bee not to bold:
Least I be forst to rue thy fate,
if I thy death behold.
Whence comes this suddaine feare?
where is that courage now?
Where he that scornd the force of flods,
and waters wont to flow:
Yet naytheless be wise,
not retchlesse as thou were:
And swimme in safety if thou mayst,
if not a while forbeare.
So that thy fayth be one,
as those thy lines did showe:
And so that kindled flame of thine,
to cynders do not grow.
I dread not so the windes
that barre my wished ioy.
As least thy loue, will like the winds
exchaunge by change of toy.
Of this I stand in awe,
least perill passe the gaine:
And least thou thinke thy body farre
inferiour to thy paine.

Some

Sometime I quake for feare,
leaſt Abydon deface
My Seſt, and leaſt Leander thinke
his Hero farre to baſe.
But all I can endure,
with well contented will,
So that thou haue no dainty Drab
thy pleaſure to fulfill.
So that no ſtrumpets armes
about thy necke depend:
Nor nouell loue procure thy firſt
and former flame to ende.
Oh rather let me die
then ſuch a crime to knowe,
Let Heros liuely twiſt be ſhrid,
ere thou do treſpaſſe ſo.
Not for thou gauſt me cauſe
of future greefe, I ſpeake
In ſuch a wiſe: no newe report
mooues me my mind to breake,
Saue that I feare the woꝛſt,
who loues deuoyde of dreede:
The place doth force the abſent wight
oft times on feare to feede.
Oh happy Nymphes whom place
and preſence makes to know
Committed crymes, and keepes frõ feare
of thinges that are not ſo.

No leſſe the forged fact
than wrong ydone indéede,
Doth moue our minde, from both alike
like dolour doth procéede.
Oh, that thou wouldſt repayre
or els thy cauſe of let
From windes and grutching father
and from no woman fet. (mightſt,
Which if I heard of troth,
for grunting griefe I die:
And great will be thy guilt, if ſo
thy loue thou ſéeke to ſtrie.
But more then néedes I dread
thou wilt not ſo offend:
For churliſh tempeſt is in fault
that will not let thée wend:
O Gods, what mounting floodes
do driue againſt the ſhore?
How doth the darkſome clowde incloſe
and kéepe the light in ſtore?
Perhaps the virgins Dame
is commen to the floode:
And for her drenched darling ſheddes
her ſaltiſh teares a good.
Or Ino béeing wore
a Seanymph but of late,
Turmoyles the Goulfe, ỹ Helle brought
ſo ſuch vntimely fate.

That

The flode doth nothing frend
the Mayden fere I know:
For there did Helle lose her life,
where Heros hurt doth grow.
But (Neptune) waying well
and calling oft to minde
Thy former flames, me thinks ỹ sholdst
not hinder loue by winde.
For Amymon can well,
and Tiro trie at nede,
That thou were truely toucht wt loue
as we in stories rede.
Alcyone the fresh,
and Iphimedia faire:
Medusa on whose skull as then
there hung no hysling haire.
Laodice the browne,
Cæleno first in Skie:
Whose names I sundry times haue (read
and sene with searching eye.
With these, and diuers els
(of whom the Poets write)
Thou (Neptune) chambred hast full oft,
and past in loues delight.
Why then that hast so oft
the valiant force of loue
Allayd, by tempest to forelet
our wonted course dost proue?

Cruell be calme awhile,
wage warre where Seas be wide:
This is a slender Channell that
two Countries doth deuide.
It better would beséeme
a high and haughtie Roy,
To hoyse the Hulkes, to hoyle wyth
oz Nauies to annoy. (Barks
Tis shame foz God of Goulfe
a swimming youth to sinck:
Eche little Lake this conquest would,
and spoyle vnfitting thinke.
Ye is of noble blood,
not of Vlysses lyne:
At whome not vndeseruedly
thou (Neptune) dost repine.
Giue leaue, at once saue two:
foz though he sole dw swimme,
Yet in the selfe same tolling tyde
my hope consistes to him,
Meanewhile the Tozche (foz by
a Tozch I sit and wzite)
Doth happer a blisfull signe that all
shall not succesfe a right,
Behold how Beldame powers
the wine into the flame;
And sayes (to mozrow we shall be moe)
and dzinkes vpon the same.

Db

Oh, come by slyding seas,
increase the tale by one:
Thou whom I fire in faithfull breast,
and let delayes alone.
Home to thy tents retire,
that fleest thy friendly spouse:
Why do I sole amid my couch
my carefull carkasse rouse?
No cause there restes of dread;
the bold is sure of grace
At Venus hands: she that was bred
of floods will rue thy case.
My selfe oft times to meete
in middle Goulfe doo dare:
Saue for the flood is frend to men,
not women wont to spare.
For why (when Phrixus with
his louing Sister came:
By Sea) did Helles onely giue
the gastly Goulfe his name:
Perhaps you dread returne,
least force wyll fayle you feare:
You stand in doubt you may not well
thys double trauayle beare.
Wherefore make hast, and meete
thy friend amidst the flood:
And there aloft vpon the waues
shall kisses walke a good.

That done, let eyther to
his stronde reuert againe:
Though this were small, tis better some
that nought at all to gaine.
Would eyther bashfull shame
that feedes this secrete fire,
Or fearefull loue would yelde to fame:
of both I th'one desire.
For yll they can agree,
that neuer are at truce:
Th'one sweete, and th'other seemely is,
I wote nere which to chuse.
When Iason did arriue
at Cholchos carefull port:
Yee his Medea well imbarckt
did thence with speede transport.
No sooner Priams sonne
to Lacedemon came:
But straight he made returne to Troy
with famous Grecian dame.
But thou as often leauste
thy liked loue behinde
And doth repayre: and comst when ships
may scarcely passe for winde.
Be naytheless aduisde
(thou *Victor* of the seas:
So scorne the flood as thou mayst feare
least Neptune thee disease.

Duge,

Huge, high, and haughtie Hulks,
yframde by Arte do fayle:
And canst thou déeme thine armes will
than shauen Ozes pzeuaile? (moze
The Pylates stand afright
the shelfes thou swimst to coste:
Foz Barcks ybzosde, and shaken ships,
in such a sozt are lost.
Oh me vnlucky wench,
I would not this disswade,
But be as bolde foz all my wozdes
as is thy wonted trade:
So safely thou arriue,
and lay those armes of thine
Upon my backe, that oft were beate,
with Sea of belking bzine.
But I wote nere what colde,
my quaking bzeast doth nomme,
As oft as to my restlesse mind
a thought of seas doth comme.
My last nights dzeame tozments,
and makes me sozo afright:
Though I to Morpheus ere I slept,
had done my sacred right.
In creake of dawning day
when tozchlight gan to fayle:
(A tide when true vndoubted dzeames
the slumbzing cozse assaile)

Out of my sléepie handes,
the twisted twine did fall,
And to my pensiue Pillow I
my head applyd withall.
And with vnfalsed fayth,
and certaine sight I saw
A croked *Delphin* flit in flood,
ytost with windie flawe.
Who when by drift of waues
and turning Tyde was tost
To sandie shore: he both at once
hys life and waters lost.
What so it be I dread,
haue not in scorne my dreames:
Ne (yet vnlesse the waters serue)
commit thy corse to streames.
If selfecare all be past,
yet way thy frendly Mate,
Whose welth and welfare doth depende
vpon thy healthfull state.
I hope that yrefull seas
wyll shortly be at rest:
Then do thou breake the calmed waues
with safe and sicker brest.
Meanewhile, cause surge turmoylde
thy passage doth restraine:
Let louing lines ysent, abridge
some part of lingring payne.

The

The Argument of the xx. Epiſtle, entituled Acontius to Cydippe.

TO Delos, where the rites
were doone to Dians grace
Acontius trauaild, manie Nymphes
and Maydens were in place.
A troupe to Temple came,
but one aboue the reſte
(Cydippe namde) with louing darte
did craze Acontius breſt,
Who for he ſaw the vvight
vnegall in eſtate:
Surmiſde he should not for his life
haue giuen her the Mate.
Yet naytheleſſe at length
he bourded her with guile:
And in a goodlie Apple did
incloſe this craftie ſtile:
By Dians ſacred rytes
and myſteries I ſweare,
That I wyll make repayre to thee
and be thy freendly Feere.
In Temple at her feete
he ſloong the flattering fruite
She tooke it vp, and read the rimes
Cydippe woxe as mute.

The Argument.

As fish, and Scarlet red
her lillie cheekes became:
For hauing made a vowe she knewe
she should obſerue the ſame.
For what ſo was behight
before Dianas *face,*
By common order was decreed
should take effect and place.
Her father after this
vnwitting of the othe
His daughter made, Cydippe *to*
another did betroth,
Meanewhile the ſillie wench
with Feuers was oppreſt,
And felt a thouſand furious fits
ybreeding her vnreſt.
Acontius *in his lynes*
induceth her to thinke
This feuer falne by Dians *wrath,*
for cauſe she ſought to shrinke.
And falſe her plighted faith
in preſence and in place
Of all thoſe Sacred Saints, but moſt
of good Dianas *grace.*

The

The xx. Epistle.

Acontius to Cydippe.

A Bandon dread, for to thy louer thou
Shalt frame no farther hest ne sweare again:
Thy once ingaged faith I recke ynough.
Reade and suruaie my lines: so may this griefe
And languor leaue thy corpes, which is my tene
When anie limme of thine sustaineth smart.
Why blush you? and why with vermilion taint
Be flecke your chækes? in Dians temple so
I dæme thy face with Scarlet hue infect.
Marrige and plighted troth, no crime I craue
I loue not as a Letcher, but a spouse.
Reuoke to mind the words in Apple graude,
Which to thy guiltlesse handes I did proiect.
There shalt thou find confirmde by solemne othe,
That I require: vnlesse both fixed faith
And wordes at once out of thy breast are fled.
Euen as I dread indæde, the Goddesse fretts.
O Nymph, thou rather then the Goddesse shouldst
Stand mindfull of thy hest and promise made:
And now I feare the like. But oh to more
Her raging force is growne, and flame increast
By lingring stay. And loue that neuer was
Slender, by yælded hope in processe springes.
Thou gauste me hope, my loue lent fayth thereto.

That

That Dian witneſde thou canſt not withſay.
She tho was preſt, and noted well the wordes
And ſeemde with moued treſſe to giue aſſent.
Report that by deceit thou were intrapt,
Whilſt Cupid did inforce me forge the fraude.
What meant my craft but to be linckt with thée:
That thou complainſt, may well me reconcile.
Not guilefull I by vſe, or nature am,
Ye thou (my wench) in fayth hath ſubtill made.
(If I did ought by Arte) with ſleightfull wordes,
The wilie Loue hath faſt with me inchaind:
I knit the knot with words that he pronounſt,
And craftie I by Cupid counſell, wore.
Let guile ſuſtaine the name, let me be ſayd
Subtille, if thinges be loud to winne, be craft.
Behold, I wryte afreſh, and frame requeſt,
An other fraude whereof thou maiſt complaine.
If I, in that I loue, annoy thée ſo,
Inceſſantly I will: and though thou be
Full well aduiſde, I will purſue thée aye.
Others by ſword haue many Nymphes purloynde
And ſhall a Letter forgde by crafty ſleight,
To me as heynous crime obiected be:
Gods graunt I thée in faſter knot may chaine.
As thou mayſt neuer find a way to ſtart,
Nor flie thy fired fayth. A thouſand tricks
There are, and I in that one trauaile toyle,
Nothing my loue permits vntride to goe.

Though

Though doubtfull be where thou wilt yéeld or no,
(The ende is in the Gods) but thou shalt yéelde,
And be entrapt, and forst in fine to bowe.
Some tolles put case thou scape? yet all the ginnes
Thou canst not passe with crafty Cupid pight:
Moe nettes there are then thou surmisde to be.
If Art may not auayle, to armes we will,
And I will thée as rape atchiude enioy.
I am not he that Paris fact controlle,
Nor any that such manlike partes haue playd.
And I. But now no more: though death ensue
This rape, should lesse agrieue than thée to lose.
Oh, would ỹ were worse featurd then thou art,
With reason then of me thou shouldst be sought:
Thy face doth me to valiance now procure.
Thou, and thine eyes (surpassing flaming starres,
Which were the causers of my glowing gleade)
In me this courage mooues, and stoutnes stirres,
Thy yellowe golden locks, thy yuory necke,
Thy hands of whom I long to be accold,
Thy feature, and thy blushing countenaunce
Deuoide of Rusticks grace: and fête such as
With Theris may compare, this boldnes brædes,
More fortunate were I, if all the rest
I might condignly prayse: but doubt I nought
But that the whole vnto his parts agrées.
By this thy forme enforst, no maruell though
I sought to haue thy parling voyce his pledge.

In

In fine, sith that thou art constraind to yéeld
Thy selfe beguild, be my deceitfull sleight
(O Virgine) be thou conquerd at the last.
Let me sustaine the hate, and reape the frute
For hatred so endurde: So heynous cryme
And blame why doth it want his earned hire?
Hesion, Aiax, Briseis, Achylles toke,
And eyther of them their *Victor* did ensúe.
Wée spare not to accuse, ne stick to wrath
We, so I may thée, angry wight, enioy.
We that procurd the yze, will please the same
If neuer so little leysure be allowde,
And respite giuen to lessen swelling wrath
Let me besprent with teares tofore thy face
Stand, adding to my teares lamenting sounde:
And as the frequent vse of Vassals is,
When they of lashing scourge do stand in awe,
(Grouse at thy fæte, stretch out thy yéelding hãds)
What? knowst ÿ not thy right & Wistres powze?
Cite me. In absence why am I accusde?
As Ladies wont to, giue me in charge t'appeare.
Thou thou my tresses teare in stately sort,
And make my face with buffets black and blewe:
Yet all I will endure, fearing but that
My bodie should thy tender fists annoy.
In Chaine or Giue tis nædles me to binde,
It last in loue, that haue no powze to flée.
When so thy Wrath with wreake shal be repleate,

And

And anger be reuengd: thy selfe shalt say
Oh God, how patiently the man doth loue?
Thy selfe shalt saie (when I haue all endurd)
My seruaunt thou that seruste so wel shall be.
In absence why am I (vnluckie) deemde
Guiltie? and though my cause bee passing good
Yet for default of Patrone goes to wrack?
The bill that Cupid wrote, and gaue in charge,
It is my wrong and practisde iniurie,
This onelie fact in me thou must reprooue.
Dian with me deserued not the bob.
If so ths thing to me thou hast behight
Thou loth to yeeld, let Delia beare the same.
For beeing preest she saw when thou intrapt
Didst blush, in mindfull eare the words she plast
Abodements layd apart more fiercer than
Diana, (when she sees her Godhead wrongde,)
There is not ante God, nor halfe to sterne.
The Calydonian Boare can well record:
For by his meane, how cruell was the Dame
Unto her sonne, we haue full often read.
Witnes Actæon eke, that fedde her Hounds
That earst with them had sondry quarries made.
The haughtie Mother-to to Marble turnd,
In ruthfull sort that in Migdoni standes?
Aye me (Cydip) I dread the troth to tell,
Least I be thought for goodding of my cause
False matter to alledge: yet needes I must

Now

Now pleade the same. This is the cause (in faith)
That thou at Nuptiall day art so diseasde.
Unable from the sicklie Couch to rise.
Dian would doo thée good, and paines her sore
Least thou shouldst be forswore she gladly would
The sickleste, and vnbroken Vest reserue.
Thence it procéedes (as oft as thou dost séeke
To swarue thy faith) ỳ she thy carkasse plagues.
Leaue off to stirre the cruell Virgins bowe:
Yet if thou wilt to ruth she may be brought.
Spare thou thy corse with feauers to molest,
Reserue thy featurde face for me to vse:
That countnaunce kéepe, to set my hart on flame
My nature made, where Rose with Lilly striues
So fare my foe, and who so els doth barre.
Thée to be mine, as the diseasde I liue.
My griefe is one, or when thou linckest with
An other wight, or fœlit tormenting feme,
I wote not which I reck the worst of both.
Sometime it yrkes me that I bréede thy dole
Déeming thy gripes by my deceit to growe,
Praying the plague of periurie to redownd
On mée, that thou mightst by my scath escape,
And oft to wit, and vnderstand thy plight,
Doubtfull (God wote) I wander to and fro,
Thy Mayd at ynches suing and thy Man.
Demaunding how thy meate, and slœpe auaile.
Woe me, that I the rules of Phisicke scorne,

And

And put them not in vre, ne wring her wrestes
Ne on her couch for comforts sake, do lye,
And woe againe, that I absent me thence,
Another perhaps, whom I ne would, is prest.
He feeles thy pulses, and doth sit him downe
By thy diseased corse, hatefull to Gods,
And with the Gods of me detested tw.
And whilst w̄ thumbe he feeles the leaping vaines
He straines by meane thereof, thy snowish armes,
Handling thy breast, and by escheate perhappes
A kysse doth gaine of those thy sugred lyps,
A greater guerdon than his payne deserude.
Who gaue the leaue my harnest to forerape?
Vnto an others hyre, who made thy way?
That bosome (friend) is mine, sowly from me
My kisses thou bereauest: wherefore do way
Thy flippant fist from that my pacted corps.
Vnthrift, do way thy handes, the thing thou feelst
Is me behight: hereafter if thou do
The like, thou shalt a Lechers name procure.
On single Nymphes, and not disposed Maydes
Make choise: I would thou wist, this is possest.
Beleeue not me giue to the bargaine, eare,
And cause her reade the wryting, to this ende
Thou deeme her not vntrue or false to be.
Go from anothers bridall bed, I say,
What makes thou here? go pack, this knot is tide.
Put case thou haue a partie promise cle?

Yet

Yet is the cause and mine vnegall farre.
She made me perfite vow: her Sire the Nymph
To thée behight: but nearer than her Sire,
Vnto her selfe the sillie Mayden standes.
Her father made a promise: she by othe
Conioynd her selfe in league of stayde loue.
Ye witnesse men: She *Dian* did protest.
Ye dreades the name of Lyar to sustaine:
But she the blot of periurde tongue to beare.
Of both deeme thou which is the greater feare,
And lack of both the perils to compare,
Respect the euents of both, and latter lot.
She lyes diseasde: he liues releast of wo.
And we with dispar mindes for her contende
Ne hope to both, nor egall is the dread.
Thou forcest not the sute: more griefull were
Repulse to me than death: alreadie I
Imbrace the Mayde, whom thou in future time
And after this mayst haue the hap to loue.
If Iustice, or regard of right did lodge
Within thy breast, ÿ to my flames wouldst yelde
Now since this furious wight maintaines a strife
In wronfull cause, (Oh Cydip) to what end
Do I to thée these fruitlesse lynes indite?
Ye brédes thy dole, and makes thée be suspect
Of *Dian*: him (if thou be wise) renounce.
Barre, and forbidde him to approch thy lodge.
These perils by his meane thou dost endure:

The

That would he might acquite thy corse from wo,
That forger is of these my pinching paynes,
Whom if thou flée, and lyncke with him in loue
Whom Dian not condemnes: release of fits
Thy selfe shalt find, and I shal be reuiud,
Virgin exile thy feare, doubt not recure,
Reuerence the temple where thou madst ỹ vowe,
The Gods delight not with a slaughtred Dre,
But with a fayth performde without record
Some women health to gaine and purchase ease,
Both scarring Launce, and scalding flame endure
Other the bitter drench acquites of paine.
These néedlesse are to thée: flée periurie:
Thy selfe, thy Yest, and mée reserue at once.
Pardon of passed crime by ignorraunce
Shall be procurde: quite from thy mind was fled
And plighted promise quite thy thought exilde.
Thée both my wordes, and these thy present haps
Haue warned, which thy carefull corse assault
As oft as thou from pawned faith dost wrie:
When these are ouerblowne in trauayle thou
Wilt craue of her, of baron to be well
And sone releast, and haue thy throwes abridgde.
Which shee will heare, and rolling in her mynde
Will aske, who was the sillie infants Sire?
Thou wilt auowe. She knowes thy Yest vntrue,
Thou wilt protest, and bind with sacred othe:
But she wottes wel thou canst the Gods beguile,

If nothing toucheth mée: yet greater hoe
I haue and carefull is my hart of thy
Indaungred life, that now in perrill ſtands.
Why lately did thy doubtfull Parents mourne,
For thy diſtreſſe, whō thou thy crime concealdſt?
And why are they vnwitting of thy guilt?
Cydip, thy déedes deſerue no ſhame at all.
Diſplay in order thine acquaintance firſt
With me, as to Dian thou didſt thy rites:
And how, when firſt (if well thou didſt attend)
I ſaw thy face, I ſtayde, and gaue thée gaze,
Viewing with ſtaring eyes thy comely corſe,
And whilſt I muzde thereat (a ſicker ſigne
Of frenſie) from my backe my veſture ſlid.
And after, how by hap, (thou wottſte not how)
A rolling Apple trilde, with lines ingraud
Thereon, which were by ſubtile ſleight deuiſde:
Which béeing read by thée, in preſence of
The ſacred Goddeſſe, bound thy fayth in bande,
Which, cauſe *Diana* heard muſt not be ſlipt.
And to the fine ſhe made the writing knowe,
As earſt thou didſt, ſo reade the ſame againe.
Wedde (will ſhe ſay) with my good wyll, to hym
With whom ẏ bliſſeful Gods haue thée conioynd,
Let be my ſonne, whom thou to ſpouſe haſt tane,
Who ſo it be, ſhall like me, for he earſt
Hath ſtode in *Dians* grace. Thy Mother thus
Will ſay, if ſo that ſhee thy Mother be.
If who, and what I am, ſhe makes demaunde,

Let her behold, and shée shall well perceiue
That well for thée *Diana* hath puruayd,
The famous Ile (where the Coritian Nymphes
Did lodge of yore, inuirond with the Sea
Ægæum, Cæa cleaped is the soyle
Where I was bred: and if thou dw account
Of gentils bloud, my Grandsires were of fame.
And we are wealthy eke, our manners are
Not fraught w shamfull crimes, suppose ther wer
Nought els: yet loue hath shackled vs yfeare.
Unsworne thou mightst selected such a spouse,
And neuer forst with such a husband wed.
This is my dreame Phœbe the Archeresse,
And Loue awakt, did will me write to thée:
Of whom th'ones darts haue thirled erst my hart
Beware least th'others shafts dw thée annoy.
Our healthes are ioynd in one: Rue on thy selfe
And me: why dost thou stagger both to ease:
Which if befall, when blasted trumpe shall sound,
And Delos he with yéelded blode imbrude:
The golden Image of the blissefull fruite
Shall stand aloft, with cause in myter graude.
Acontius *by the Apples forme recordes*
Th'insculped lines to haue beene brought to passe.
But least thy weakned limmes and fœble corps.
My ouerlong Epistle should molest:
To fine I may in wonted manner end,
Aconce thy friend, bids thée (Cydip) adue.

The Argument of the xxi. *Epiſtle, entituled Cydippe to Acontius.*

WHen Cydip *ſavv her furious fits increaſe,*
And fretting Feuer grovv to worſe diſeaſe,
Then thought she verelie that no releaſe
Was to be had, vnleſſe she mought appeaſe
Dianas wrath: *wherefore she thought it beſt*
To ſtand vnto her former plighted heſte.

Then tooke she pen in hand, then gan she write
Theſe following lines to Aconce, *making shovv*
That she vvould yeeld, and banish rigour quite,
And pay the debt to him that she did ovve:
Crauing his helpe in peaſing Goddeſſe yre,
That she to health the ſooner might aſpyre.

The

The xxi. Epistle.

Cydippe to Acontius.

A Fright in silence I thy lines survayd,
Least ỹ vnwares my tonge to witnes shoulde
Haue calde the Gods. and for recordes appealde.
I deemde thou wouldst haue bourded mee againe.
With craft, hadst ỹ not thought in iudging minde
One Yest (as thou confest) to haue suffisde.
Ne had I vewd thy lines and Letters sent,
But that I thought the yrefull Goddesse wrath
By duresse would to further rage increast.
For all that I can dw, though incense I
To Dian offer, yet she frendes thée more
Than reason willes she should: & as thou craufte
Credite to winne: so shée with mindfull wrath
Upon my corse for thée awroken is.
So stiffelie scarce by Hyppolite shee stode.
But she (a Virgin) rather would haue shewne,
Favor vnto a silly Maydens yéeres:
Which to abridge least she dw long I feare.
For why the cause of this my languor lurcks
And hidden lyes by Phisick not recurd,
So meager am I wore, so leane and bare,
As scarce I had suffycing force to wryte,
With leaning on mine Elbow able scarce
My pyned limmes and carkasse pale to rayse.

Now dread I least beside my Beldame nurse
Some one discrie our entercommoning.
To fore the gate she sittes, to askers how
I fare (that I may write) she sayes I slépe.
But when within a space suspected is
Excessiue slépe, and slumber ouerlong,
And such she sées repayre whom to debarre
Were duresse: then she spits and giues a hem,
A fayned signe that some is at the doze.
I leaue my lines vnperfit then for hast.
And to my bosome thrust the scroll eftsoone.
Forthwith in spéede I ply the same againe,
And set my hand and pen to former taske.
Which thing how yksome toyle it was to mee,
Thy selfe mayst well deserne, and be the iudge.
Which thou (in fayth) hast passing yll deserude.
But thy merites and iust deserued hyre
My ruthfull clemency shall farre surmount.
By thée, vncertaine of dispayred health,
So oft by thy deceit I haue, and yet
Endure tormenting fits and troublous tene.
This is the gmd my vaunted beauty gaynes,
So oft extolde by thée aboue the starres.
It me annoyes thée to haue likte so well.
If in thy sight I had deformed béene,
(Which rather I could wish) my blamed corps
In néede of Phisicks helpe had neuer stmde.
Now being praisde I mourne by your discorde

Betrayde:

Betrayd: my proper good doth forge my woes.
Whilst thou dost scorne to yéld, and he repine
To lose his rome or be in second place,
Thou barrst his wish, and he doth hinder thine.
I like a ship am tost, whom Boreas blast
Into the chanell driues, but surge and tide
Repelles to shore, from déeper ford againe.
And of my parents when the wished day
Arriues, excessiue heate my limmes besiedge
And at the cruell marrige day my dores
In yrefull rage Proserpina doth shake.
I blush & dread (though guiltlesse in my minde)
Least I by ought haue stirrde the Gods to wrath.
Some pleade it comes by hap, and some surmise
This man to be dislikt of heauenly powres,
And fame of thée hath also her report:
Some déeme it done by my inchauntments eke:
The cause is hid: my hurtes too plaine appeare.
Ye wage a restlesse warre and endlesse strife:
But I meanewhile am she that bides the smart.
I nowe will say as I was wont of yore,
By louing if thou thus annoy thy loue,
Howe wouldst thou hurt by hate the hated thing:
If whom thou loue thou hurt, goe loue thy foe,
Wish me full yll to fare, and saue my life.
Or now of hoped spouse thou hast no carke,
Whom vndeserude, thou ruthlesse letst to pine:
Or if in vaine thou to the Goddesse sue,

To me why doſt thou ſo auaunt thy ſelfe
That ſtandeſt nought in Dians grace at al?
Say what thou wilt, thou ſhalt not ſwage her yre
I cleane am out of thought: thou canſt not, thou
Appeaſe the Gods thou art quite forgotte
Or would I neuer had, or not as then
Delos (that is inuirond with the ſea
Ægæum) known: a haples Ile to me.
Tho was my ſhip to ſurging Chanell brought
Vnluckily, ſiniſter was the houre
Wherein I ſhoope to take the curſed ſeas.
How ſet I forth my foote? from Threſhold wyth
What foote went I? or to my painted Barke
With what vnluckie foote did I repayre?
Yet twiſe with froward winds my ſhip recoylde,
And made returne to ſhore: but oh I lie,
That wind was bliſſefull and no frowarde gale:
A bleſſed blaſt that brought me back to bay
And went about to barre my haples courſe.
And would it had contented with my ſayles,
And ſtoode in longer ſtrife and greater warre.
But folly is the fickle windes to blame.
Moude with the place his fame, and freſh report,
To Delos I my haſty voyage ſhoope:
And in a nimble Barck did paſſe the flood.
How oft did I controll the ſluggiſh Oares,
Complayning that the ſayle clothes did not ſtrout
But flagging flue, not ſtuft with gladſome gale?
Nowe

Nowe Mycone, Tenos, and Andros I
Haue past, and Delos was discouerd plaine.
Which when I scride a farre. Ile why (quoth I)
Dost thou me flée: Where yet (as earst thou didst)
Dost thou in largie seas and Chanell rode,
Aye fléeting to and fro? I came to lande
When day was put to flight, and Phœbus gan
His wearie steads from purple wheéles discharge
Whom when he had to wonted rising brought,
Againe at morne (my mother giuinge charge)
My comely tresses were in order layde,
And frisled locks in bravest manner trimde.
Her selfe bespangde my hands w̄ curious Gems,
And purlde my bayze with Gold: her selfe applyde
Unto my shoulders vesture passing fine.
Then issuing out to Rulers of the Ile
And sacred Gods incense with wine we gaue.
And whilst my mother with her bowed blode
The Altar staines, and bowels broyles on coales,
In ranges casting fume to loftie skyes:
The busie carefull Nurse led me about
From place to place, frō Church to sacred Fane:
In Porches now I passe, now musing at
The gifts of Kinges, and sundry sights I sawe.
Then gazing on the Altars made with hornes
And trée, gainst which the wandring Goddesse at
Her time of bearing child did rest her corse:
And what beside (for I ne all to mind

Can

Can call, or lawfull is I say, to tell)
Was to be seene in daintie Delos tho.
Whilst I (Aconce) of these so straungeie sights
Was taking view thou me perhaps discridst:
Who for so simple was and voyde of fraud,
Did sitting seeme to be entrapt of thée.
By steppes I came into a stately Church
Where Dian was: might any place more safe
Or sicker bée then where the Goddesse stode?
Tofore my féete the trilling Apple came
Gliding on paued ground whereas I sate,
Hauing this verse ingraude. (Aye me well nigh
I had to thée another hest ymade)
Which Beldame Nurse toke vp, & sayd (beholde)
Where I thy craft (O noble Poet read)
The name of marige read, blushing I felt
My chaunged chéekes to glow with sodaine flash.
In bosome fired fast myne eyes I held,
Myne eyes that workers were of thine intent.
Unthrift, why dost thou ioy? what glory hast
Thou gainde? what praise shalt ÿ (a mã) atchieue
By craft one silly Virgine to deuoure?
Not I in armour cladde with Pollare stode
As ventrous Penthesilea did at Troy:
No Belt with Amozonian gold beset
Thou me hast reft, as Quéene Hyppolite was.
Why leapst thou so for ioy? in that thy wordes
Haue fouly me beguild, and I by dole

And

And subtill sleight, a silly Nymph was tane:
Cydip an Apple toke, Atlante did
The like: another Hyppomenes now thou art.
More better were it if thou hadst bene thrall
Unto the Boy, who hath by thy report
(I wote not well) what flaming fiery brandes.
After the guise of honest wightes (by fraude
Not to foredow thy hope) I rather was
To bene entreated, then by craft intrapt,
Why thou ne me displeadst in time of sute
Such things as I in thee should haue belikt?
Why rather to inforce then to perswade
Wer didst thou chose, if thy condition rede
By me had powre to make thy bargaine sure?
What now to thee auayles the former othe,
And Goddesse prest for true record appealde
With tongue? it is the mind that makes the best
(Wherwith I neuer sware) it only addes
Fayth to the wordes, and makes the stable othe.
It is pretenced mind and purpose set
That binds the bargaine sure: no bands auailes,
Or is of force without consenting thought
If so it were my wyl to ioyne with thee,
Then spare thou not to claime thy marrige right.
But if I spake the word and meant it not,
The forceles words & nothing els thou gainst,
I sweare not, but pronounst the wordes of othe.
I must not so select thee for my spouse.

Guile

Guile others so, certes if that be good
And take effect, the rich mans wealth bereaue,
Procure that Princes swear that thou shalt haue
Their Scepters, & their soueraigne seates possesse
And let be thine what so the world enioyeth.
In sayth thou dost surpasse *Diana* farre,
If that thy letters haue in them inrolde
Such present Godhead, and auayling powre.
Yet when I haue thus sayd, and flat affirmde
Me not to be thy spouse, and pleaded haue
My promise in best forme that euer I may:
I graunt, I dread *Dianas* yrefull wrath,
Deeming frō thence my griefull panges to come,
That plague my wretched corse & lims torment.
For why, as oft as spousals are addrest,
Languish my limmes ransackt wō deadly tēne:
Thyrse Hymens clamor comming to mine eares
Fled from my chamber dore, and did astart.
Scarce could hee make th'infused flame to flashe,
Scarce would the stirred brands & faggots burne
Oft sithes his head furnisht with garlands gay.
Annointed dropt, and oft his Scarlet Robe
And costly vesture was in hand to d'on.
When he approcht the dore, and wayling sawe,
With flowing teares and feare of griesly death,
And other such abhorring his attire:
Straight from his forehead he the garlands flong
And from his perfumde locks the Dyle did wring

Shaming

Shaming with mirth amiddes so sadde a route
To rushe, his garmentes hue his face distainde.
But miser I with Feuers am attacht,
And frie with burning fittes: my vestures are
Moze weighty than they shoulden weighty bee.
Upon my chéeks I sée my parents showze
Their drearie teares and saltish brine foz woe,
And sted of marrige wand, deaths brõde appeares.
Thou Goddesse, that in quiuerst dost reioyce,
And bended bowe, fauour a sicklie Nymphe,
And lend me now thy skilfull brothers helpe,
To rid my corse of this my vexing smart.
Tis shame foz thée that he abandons gréefe,
And thou dost séeke the titte of my death.
Where I vnwares approched haue the place.
Whilst ỹ didst bath thy chastfull limmes in fowde:
Haue I, of all the Gods thy Altars left
And ouerpast withouten sacrifice?
Oz did my Dame the Lady Mother scozne?
I not aguilt, saue that I periure radde.
And skilfull was in an vnluckie verse.
Doo thou (vnlesse thy loue be fayned) cast
Incense from me into the flaming fire.
The handes that hurt, let them my helpe procure.
Why she that frettes that I behight to thæ
Am not thy spouse, makes that I can not be:
Hope well thou maiste whilst yet I liue & breath:
But (cruell) why bereues she me my life,

And

And thée diſpoiles of thée wel hoped bone?
Surmiſe not him whoſe wyfe I am aſſignde
And lotted Spouſe, my payned lymmes to touch
And féele with griping hand. Certes he ſittes
Him downe by me, as lawful is to dw,
Winding my couch to be a Maidens lodge,
And I wote néere what he doth iudge of mee.
For oft the (cauſe vnknowne) he baines his breaſt
With ſhowres of trickling teares: Not ouerbolde
He coyes me, and doth ſeldome kiſſe among.
Whiſpering with fearefull voyce, that I am hys.
Ne maruaile I if he deſcrie my mind,
That dw my ſelfe ſo openly bewray.
When he repayres, I wry me round abouke,
And vſe no wordes, but winking faine to ſléepe,
Shunning his fiſt that woulde mee gladly touche.
He mournes & drawes his ſighes frō ſilent breaſt,
And not aguilting hath my high diſdaine.
More iuſtly thou that laughſt at my diſtreſſe,
And pleaſure takſt therein (if I coulde ſpeake
And vſe my tongue) ſhouldſt my yll will atquire,
And haue my bate, that ſuch a Panthar pight.
By better leaue and licence thou dw I craue
To ſee my wretched plight, and féebled corſe:
Farre off thou makſt abode, and yet annoyſt.
I not a little maruaile that thy name
Acontius was: in déede thou haſt an edge
So ſharpe as farre can lend a lurching wounde.

I ſcarce am yet recured of the hurt,
We like a dart, thy lines haue ſcard alwſe.
Why woldſt thou hither come? a wretched coꝛſe
(Thy double ſpoyle committed) maiſt thou ſée.
My fleſh is faine away, my colour fled
And bloudleſſe is my face, a ſemblant hue
(As I remembér) had the ſubtil fruite.
In viſage wan, no ſcarlet red appeares.
Of Marble picture hewen but of late
Such is the foꝛme: ſuch is the ſliuers hue
At bankets that with ſilly waters toucht
In Baſen caſt, is pale foꝛ deadly cold.
If nowe thou ſawſt me, thou wouldſt quite denie
We earſt with eye of thine to haue béene ſéene.
And ſay: by Arte and ſubtile ſleight, in ſoth
She not deſerude to béene atchiud of me:
Sending me backe (foꝛ feare I ſhould by othe
In marrige ſhocke with thée) my plighted beſt:
Deſirous that Diana would foꝛget
And cleane put frō ber thought the bargain made,
Pꝛocuring eke perhaps contrary othe
And quite repugnant to my foꝛmer vowe,
Sending a nouell verſe foꝛ me to view,
Yet naytheleſſe (as thou haſt longed earſt)
I would thou ſawſte thy Wiſer ſpouſes plight,
And limmes with languoꝛ paſſingly oppꝛeſt.
(Aconce) moꝛe harder then the ſtubboꝛne ſtéele
Though be thy ruthleſſe bꝛeaſt, yet pardon thou

In my behalfe wouldst purchase me I knowe.
To shewe the meane how I may be recurd,
And come by health againe. At Delphos is
A God forespeaking thinges that are to come,
Displaying future fates, hys counsell seeke.
Ye eke (as whispring fame doth flie) complaines
Of one (I wote nere whom) that broken hath
And scornde a promise made before recorde.
This both the God, the Prophet and my verse
Declare, thy vowe doth want no verse his ayde
Such fauour howe shouldst thou procure? vnlesse
Some letter late deuisde by thée, the haulte
And stately Gods had tane? Since ỹ doost stande
In grace and fauour of the Gods so great,
I will ensue the name of heauenly powres,
And wylling yéeld my hands vnto thy hest.
Unto my Dame by my vnwitting tongue
Of plighted promise I haue made a show:
She down to grownd her blushing coũtnance cast
Loke what remaines bee thine the care & charge,
More then a Virgin should (in that my hande
Drad not to write these lynes to thée) I dyd
Nowe long ynough my sickly corse with quill
Molested is, my pained hand denies
A farther dutie: What remaynes there nowe,
(Saue that I long to lincke my selfe with thée)
For thele my lines, but thée to bid adue?

The

The Argument of the replie *to the first Epistle, entituled Vlysses to Penelope.*

VLysses hauing throughlie scand
The earnest verse his wife did write:
Thought good and needfull out of hand
Her louing Letters to requite:
What so she did obiect to him,
The Greeke reanswerd very trim.

He quittes himselfe of all such blame
As by his wife imputed was:
He telles his worthy feates of fame,
And perrilles that he chaunct to passe.
And how the Prophet willd the Squire
In beggers habite to retire,
And that his wife alone should knowe
Her husband that disguisd him so.

Vlyſſes Reply to Penelopes Epiſtle.

VNto Vlyſſes miſer wight
good hap at length hath brought
The louing lines (Penelope)
thy hand in tables wrought.
I knewe thy frēndly fiſt at firſt
and tokens paſſing well?
They were a comfort to my woes,
and did my ſorrowes quell.
Thou blameſt me of retchleſſe ſloth,
more better were perhaps
To linger, then to wrye my woes,
and tell the afterclaps.
Greece blamde me not for that ywis,
when I a furie faind,
And made as though I had bēne madde
with thēe to haue remainde,
The earneſt loue to thēe (ſwēete hart)
and to thy bed I bare,
Procurde me tho ſo like a mad
and Bedlam wight to fare.
Thou wouldſt not haue me write a whit
but haſten home a pace:
Loe, when I thinke to come, my ſayles
the froward windes doo chaſe

I loyter not in Troy, a towne
of Grækish Girles defild:
For Troy is now to cinders come,
suppressed is her pride.
Deiphobus is slaine, with sterne
Hector, and Asius eke:
And who so els did bræde thy feare
is conquerde by a Græke.
I scapt the Thracian furious fights,
and hauing Rhesus slayne,
Upon the captiue chiuals came
into my Tents againe.
And safe from Pallas sacred Church
I stole, and did conuay
The fatall relique of the Towne
Palladium away
Nor in the horse his hollow wombe
and bellie I adrad:
Although Cassandra (Troians) cryde
burne, burne, as she were mad.
Burne, in this fained timber frame
the wilie Grækes do lurck:
That sæke this day poore Troians fall
and latter bane to worke.
Achylles honour of his graue
and tombe was like to lack:
Had I to Thetis not conuayd
Achylles on my back.

Ne did the Grækes (I thank thē) grutch
with prayſe my paynes to pay:
I had the Armour of the corps
that I had tane awaie.
But what auailes it? now tis drownde
I haue no ſhip yleft.
Nor Mates aliue: the ſwalowing goulfe
hath euery whit bereft.
Thy onelie loue that part hath tane
with me of all my payne,
As onely fellow of my fates
doth aye with me remaine.
Not rauening Scyllas wawghing
could force him to depart, (whelps
Ne yet Charybdis churliſh Cha-
nell, plucke him from my hart.
Not fierce Antiphates, nor yet
Parthenope the trull,
With ſwéete deceitfull Syrens ſonges
from me this loue could pull.
Not Circe nor Calypſo though
by Magick Arte they wrought:
And th'one to bring me to her bent
by meane of marrige thought.
I had them both by promiſe bounde
that they would take awaie
My mortall twiſt, and teache me to
king Plutos Court the waie

But I not forcing of their gifts
did loue my wedlock best:
Although perhaps in séeking thée
I shall be sore distrest.
But ỹ perchaunce such dainty Dames
surueying in my write:
Impatientlie wilt reade the rest,
and be in cholar quite.
When I with Circe had to dw,
or fayre Calypso, thée
Will aye procure (a fearefull wench)
in doubtfull dumpes to bée.
In faith when I Antinous name,
and Polybus did reade,
With Medon: I amazed was,
and ouercome with dread.
Amid so manie lustie laddes,
and Tospots to be chast?
Alas, what should I thinke héerein?
I am full sore agast.
Why, if thou shed thy teares so fast,
should any like thy face?
What? haue not yet those trickling (teares
beate beautye out of place?
Beside, thou hast behight to wedde
when twist is all ysponne:
And all in feare thou dost vntwist
as fast as thou begunne.

A good deceit. But take good héede
leaſt whilſt with ſuch a wile
Thou doo thy ſuters eyes deceiue,
thy ſelfe thou not beguile,
Ah (Polyphem) I rather wiſh
within thy den to haue
Béene murthred, and my wofull dayes
yfiniſht with the graue:
Yet rather had I conquerd, and
of Thracian ſword béene ſlaine,
What time the wandring Barges did
in Iſmaron remaine:
Or that I had the gréedie iawes
repleniſht with my blood,
Of hungry Helhound, when I went
downe to the Stygian flood.
Where I (thou wotſt not of it) ſawe
my mother, well at eaſe
That was when I departed from
thy coaſt, and toke the ſeas
She told me of the houſe his euills:
and thrife ſhe fled me fro,
As I with reaching armes did catch
more newes of her to know.
Sir Proteſilaus I deſcride,
that forcing not a pin
The Prophets words to fling ye flame
to Troy did firſt begin.

A happy and a blessed man,
for with him went his wife,
With laughing browes: that for his sake
forsoke her lothsome life
For Lachesis the Goddesse had
her twist not throughly sponne:
It did her good vnto her spouse
before her time to runne:
I saw (but oh with flowing teares
that gusht on eyther cheeke)
Duke Agamemnon lately slaine,
a thrise renowmed Greeke.
Ye neuer toke that hurt at Troy,
vntoucht he went his way
Through spiteful Nauplius secret snares
that in Euboea lay
But what did that auayle the wight:
for when he surely thought
Returnd to pay his due to Ioue
this beastly death he cought.
This was the guerdon Helen had
prouided for the man,
In stead of better present when
she with the straunger ranne.
Ah, how could I reioyce to see
sir Hectors sister, and
His wife among thy other thralles
and Teucrian trulls to stand:

I could the aged Hecuba had
and vsed her in bed,
That thy mistrustful mind I mought
beguile, and ielous hed
That would haue thought thy husband
of no such péece béene sped. (bad
She gaue the first abodement fell
that on thy ships should light:
Whom there I saw not with her parts
and wonted members dight.
Her bitter plaints and wofull cryes
a howling did pursue:
She was become a verie Curre
in euerie part to view.
Dame Thetis musing at the sight,
turmoild the quiet flood:
And Æole gaue his blustring windes
in charge to blowe agood.
From that time Miser I was driuen
to wander in the seas,
And followe euery flood and flaw,
to cruell thinges to please.
But if Tyresias be as true
in telling of gods haps,
As earst he was in making showe
of euill forepassed claps:
Now misaduentures are ypast
by land and sowsing waue,

I hope

I hope I ſhall retire to Gréece,
ſome better luck to haue.
Now Pallas vndertaken hath
as following Mate to me,
To ſafeconduct me to the lodge
where I do long to be.
I neuer ſaw her from the time
of Troies latter wrack,
Till nowe the wronged Goddeſſe hath
from anger béene alack.
What ſo Oenides did, it lights
vpon vs all alékе:
Vpon the Gréekes from man to boy
reuengement ſhée did ſéke.
Not thée (good Diomed) ſhe ſpard
whoſe armour knowne was:
She hath enforſt thée miſer eke
through many broiles to paſſe.
Nor him that Telamon begat
vpon a captiue Laſſe:
Nor him that with a thouſand ſhippes
to wreake his wronge did paſſe.
Pliſthenides, thou were yblеſt,
what fortune ſo befell.
For aye thy wedlock went with thée,
whom thou didſt loue ſo well.
And whither windes did bréde thy ſtay
or ſurging ſeas annoyd.

Thou

Thou dídst by meane of mutuall loue
incrochíng cares auoyd,
Nor blustring blasts, nor troubles tide
from kissing thée dismayd:
With clinching armes thou her imbrast
and neuer wert afrayde.
Oh that I might not wander so,
(swéete wench) thou wouldst procure
The surge séeme calme, with thée I shold
no deadly smart endure.
No sooner I had tydings that
Telemach was aliue
But that the newes forepassed grifes
from gladsome mind did driue.
Whose going againe by tossing flods
in weake and rotten Barck
To Pylos and to Sparta, did
reduce my former carck.
That loue deserues no thanke indéede
wherein such perill is:
And when you let him goe to Sea
you did not well ywis.
But all the broyle will be at last,
the Prophèt sayd I should
At length imbrace thy friendly corse
as I had done of olde.
Whom thou alone shalt know, but then
take héede, and well beware,

That

That other by your gesture learne
not why so glad you are.
I must not deale with force of hand
or as an open foe,
The Prophet sayd that to foretell
Apollo bid him so.
I shall perhaps deuise the time,
to be awroken fit,
With bow in hand to rushe me in
when they at tables sit.
And then perchaunce they maruell wyll,
mée hatefull man to sée:
Oh God, when will that day come on
and pleasant houre be,
Wherein I may renue againe
the swéete delights ypast:
And thou begin to repossesse
thy louing spouse at last:

The Argument of the Reply to the ſecond Epiſtle, entituled Demophoon to Phyllis.

HErein is treaſon and delay
Demophoon minded to deface,
That had ybene ſo long away
from friendlie Phyllis noble grace:
Sometime vpon his Countrie men
the lingring Louer layes the blame:
On perillous paſſage now and then,
and lacke of wind he caſtes the ſame.
But laſt in ſpite of waue and wind
he made her promeſſe to reuart:
And ſo he did, in hope to find
the Queene as when he did depart.
But oh, impacient of her panges,
that she had for her gueſt ſuſtaind,
In Almon tree good Phyllis hanges,
and this was all the Hoſteſſe gainde.

Demopho-

Demophoons reply to *Phyllis Epistle.*

EVen from his Country soile
Demophoon writes to thée:
His Countrie (Phyllis) that he mindes
thy gratefull gift to be.
Demophoon is not linckt
with anie nouell Lasse:
But not so happie as with thée
acquainted well he was.
Duke Theseus of whom
thou euer stoodst in awe,
(which made perhaps thy flame ỹ more)
to be thy Fatherlaw:
(A shamefull thing for me
to suffer such adéede)
By cruel foe was reft his raigne:
this was olde ages méede.
Euen he that whilome had,
Amazons courage quaild,
A Mate for Hercules that so
in armour had preuayld,
Euen he that Mynos made
a father of a foe,
Amazde to sée his monstrous Beast
by valiaunce conquerde so.

I am accuſde to haue bẽne
the cauſe of his exile,
My brother layes it to my charge,
I muſt not pleade the while.
Whileſt thou (quod he) didſt fond
on Phyllis, and didſt craue
By earneſt ſute vnto thy wife
a forraigne wench to haue:
The ſlipper time did paſſe
with haſtie ſote away,
Thy loytering was the cauſe that thou
dooſt ſée this dolefull day.
Thou moughtſt perhaps at firſt
this wicked ſtirre haue ſtayd:
At leaſt, though matters had bẽn paſt,
thou moughtſt haue bẽne an ayde.
But Rhodopeian Reigne
I better did eſtéeme:
And of a Nimph whom better than
her Scepter I did déeme.
Then Athamas gins to chafe,
and thundring words beſtowes:
And Æthra harpes vpon the ſame,
a crooked péece God knowes.
She ſayth my lingring was
th'occaſion that her ſonne
Could not ſhut vp his mothers eyes
as duetie was to doone.

I can

I can not it denie
they both exclaimde a good,
And cryde on me when that my ship
rode on the Thracian flood.
Demophoon (quoth they)
why stayst thou lingring so?
The wind doth serue: home to thy gods,
and natiue Countrey go.
Let Phyllis myrror be
whom thou dost loue so well:
She fancies thée, but lothe she is
for thée her Realme to sell.
She craues thée to retire
thy iourney mate to be
She scornes: more then the Raine she
her harbourous soyle we sée. (waies
But I in silence would
amid their brawles (I mind)
A thousand thankes bestow at once
vpon the blustring wind.
And when I should depart
imbracing Phyllis hard,
I ioyd with all my hart to sée
how dashing waters warde.
Ne would I feare the same
before my Sire to vaunt:
For by thy merites I attainde
my libertie I graunt.

Thou

Thou muſt of force confeſſe
that with no ſtéelie hart
I went my way, nor in poſt haſt
thy Country did depart.
I ſobde, and wéeping thée
to ſolace made a ſtay,
When to forgoe thy friendly chore
was come the fixed day.
I clambe the Thracian Barke,
and toke my ſhip indéede:
When Phyllis bid it ſhould not o-
uerhaſtily proceéde.
Forgiue ſince I confeſſe,
your ſelfe remember well
King Minos daughter in your breſt,
that auncient loue doth dwell.
As often as my Sire
to Skieward lokes: he ſayes,
She whilome was thy louing wench
that hath thoſe gliſtring rayes.
God Bacchus bidde him leaue
and yéelde him vp the Mayd:
But he (goodman) ſuſtaines ỹ blame,
they ſay he her betrayd.
By his example I
a periurde man am thought:
Ne doſt thou (cruell Phyllis) aſke
the cauſe mine abſence wrought.

Ne thinkst thou it ynough,
or able to requight
My former fault, that I am not
in loue with anie wight.
Why (Phyllis) hast thou not
heard of the cruell fate
Of Theseus Pallace? of his house
and lamentable state?
Hast thou not tydings that
my fathers death I wayld?
A farther griefe then fathers fall
Demophoon doth assayle
Not of Hyppolits happe?
he miserable man
Fell headlong from the fearefull stéedes
that downe the Mountaine ranne.
I séeke not to excuse
my lingring though there bee
A thousand cares that heape my woe,
I aske a space of thée.
Let me or ere I come
Lay Theseus in his graue,
And sée that he who was my Sire,
his buriall rites may haue.
Giue space and leaue I pray,
not like a Traytour I
Absent me: then thy soyle I know
not safer where to lie.

Ne

Since Troy went to wrack,
and battayles bryole did stay,
What ease so ere I felt at Sea
or otherwhere: I say
I had it all in Thrace,
(yet there I found some griefe)
That onely soyle vnto my woes
was succour and relæfe,
And is, if thou be one,
and be not moude a whight,
That now I haue so stately houls
so Castellike in sight:
Nor that my Fathers happes
or Mothers shamefull fate,
or these my ill successes cause
thy fancie to rebate.
What if I went to Troy
in marrige linckt with thée?
And thou thy husband waging warre
full ten yéeres space shouldst sée?
Thou hearst Vlisses wife
what honour she hath got:
A myrrour she became for that
she liude withouten blot.
Who (by report deuise
a charitable wile
In spinning: wherewithall her in-
stant Suters to beguile.

For whatsoeuer she
by day in sight had wrought:
At night the selfe same twisted twine
from thred to woll she brought.
But Phyllis you dw feare
your suters will be gone
That profferd wedlocke earst in Thrace:
canst thou with anie one,
Or hast thou heart to match
thy selfe in bridely band?
What? will not feare of broken Yest
thy shamefull acte withstande?
O Lord how thou wilt blush,
O Lord how thou wilt shame,
When thou shalt viewe my sailes aloofe
and know they be the same?
Thou then wilt blame thy rash
complaint (but all to late)
And say: Demophoon was to mee
a true and faithfull Mate.
Demophoon is retirde
that Southren blast abidde,
And cruell tempest, whilst vpon
the sowsing seas he slidde.
Ah, why in such post hast
did I this blame deuise?
I broken haue my plighted Yest,
which makes my hart agrise.

But (oh) go forward so
more rather then to mée
(Sweete Phyllis) greater gréefe and care
should chaunce againe by thée.
What Gibbet (oh) is that
that thou dost menace so
Unto thy selfe, and froward fate
to worke thy waylefull woe?
The Gods that in this soyle do dwell
are ouerbold I trow.
I pray thée spare, and cause
no more defame to spring
From out our race: whose traytrous crime
tho lowde a Bell doth ring.
Ariadne may excuse
my Father since her lotte
Was party cause she was forlorne.
who me may iustly blotte?
Now selfe same windes my wordes
that did my sayles conuay:
I would returne with all my hart
but haue good cause to stay.

The Argument of the *reply to the fift Epiſtle* entituled Paris to Oenone.

THe lines that Oenon *ſent*
When Paris *had peruſde,*
And ſawe thereby ſhe meant
That ſhe was *quite refuſde,*
Of him that had conuaide from Greece,
Faire Helena *that paſſing peece.*

He wrote in this effect,
And flat at firſt gan tell,
That when *he did reiect*
The Nymphe, he did not well:
But therewithall he layd the blame
On Cupid *that procurd the ſame.*

He makes her open shovv,
How ſtatelie was the ſtroke,
Of blinded Cupids *bowe,*
And how he brought to yoke
Both man and God, and did not let
To ſay that Deſtnies ſo had ſet.

Paris

Paris reply to Oenons *Epiſtle.*

SO lawfull is thy plaint
(O Nymph) as I confeſſe,
My hand doth hunt for currant termes
my meaning to expreſſe.
It hunts and can not find,
I feele my guilt ſo great:
I would recant, but (oh) the ſame
my nouell loue doth let.
My conſcience me condemnes
if thou not angrie be
Therewith: but what? in cauſe I know
thou mayſt not match with me.
For me whom thou doſt blame,
Cupido to his raigne
Hath forſt to yéelde: anothers pray
euen ſo I now remaine.
Thou were my wedlocke firſt,
I graunt it true to be
That I in grænish yéeres my loue
and fayth behight to thée.
Ne was I then ſo proude
as in your Letters you
Obiected me: ne I my ſelfe
king Priams nourie knewe,

Deiphob

Deiphobus not I
nor Hector thought to be
My brothers when I fed my flock
in Ida Mount with thée.
Not Hecuba I knewe
but by a Mothers name:
And thou didst well deserue to had
her aye to béene thy dame.
But Loue from Reason swarues,
thy selfe shalt iudge the case:
For thou art wrongd, and hauing wrong
dost loue me naytheless.
And whereas Panes thée,
and Satyrs did desire:
Thou choonst their loue, and ay in mind
dost kéepe thy former fire.
Beside, this latter loue
was furthred by the fate:
My sister eke Cassandra saw
of future thinges the state:
Not I as then had hearde
the brute of Helens name:
Ne to mine eares by her report
the Grékish tumult came.
You sée that all is true,
my guilt doth sole remaine:
And to request your pardon I
in humble wise am faine.

Within thy powre doth reſt
the doome of life and death
Now bind me thine for euermore
by ſauing of my breath.
Thou weptſt (I mind it well)
and yet thou ſangſt withall:
And ſaid, God ſhield that no ſuch euill
at anie time befall.
No though his déedes deſerue
and euery thing beſide:
Yet Oenon I to worke his bane
will neuer be diſcride.
Oh pardon: ſelfe ſame loue
that forgde this fraude to thée,
Made me to thinke herein not halfe
ſo manie feares to be.
That God doth ſtrike the ſtroke:
ſometime into a Bull
He Ioue conuarts, into a Foule
ſometime to coy his trull.
Not Helen now in earth
ſo paſſing goodly Dame
Had béene, (a wenche by nature made
to ſet my breaſt in flame)
Had not the mighty Ioue
become a Swanne in ſight:
That earſt a golden ſhattering ſhowre
on Danaes lappe did light.

A fayned fowle ſometime
in Ida Mount did ſoꝛe:
Sometime amids Agenors neate
in foꝛme of Bull did roꝛe.
Alcydes who would thinke
the valiant man to haue
Ylat at diſtaffe? Loue did make
him twiſten like a ſlaue.
Againe the man was ſéene
in Ioles garment clad:
And ſhe the hairie Lyons caſe
vpon her ſhoulders had.
And Oenon thou (I mind
I touche my ſelfe to nie)
The God Apollo ſcoꝛndſt, and didſt
to Paris mind aplie.
Not foꝛ I him exceld,
but Cupid willd it tho
That in ſuch ſoꝛt his ſubtill ſhafts
in Oenons bꝛeaſt ſhould goe.
But comfoꝛt thou thy wꝛong,
in that thy riuall ſhe
A paſſing wench, and daughter bꝛaue
to Ioue is knowne to bee.
But that ſhe came of Ioue
it mooues me not a mite:
But (oh) her face is paſſing fayꝛe,
tis it that woꝛkes the ſpite.

And

And (O) I wish that I
a skilleſſe Iudge had bin,
When to contend for beauties pride
the Ladies did begin.
For then not Iunos eye
nor Pallas wrathfull breſt
Should hurt me oft for liking of
the Ladie Venus beſt.
She Cupids flames deuides,
and frankly fire on thoſe
(By euen and odde, by quick and ſlowe)
on whom ſhe liſt beſtowes.
Yet neither ſhe her ſelfe
thoſe weapons coulde auoyde:
The Bowe ſhe bare for other, hath
her proper breſt annoyd.
For halting Vulcan grutcht
when he by fortune found
The warlike God and her in bedde,
and cauſed to reſound
His wofull plaint before the Gods,
and Ioue that ſawe them bound,
And mighty Mauors nowe
laments and lowres as faſt:
For ſhe hath fled this ſoyle, and of
Anchiſes is imbraſt.
Now wholly ſhe delights
Anchiſes eye to leake:

To him alone she closely clinges,
and giues the rest the gleake.
What wonder was that she
should haue the powre to ayde
Those egall flames of loue, whose fire
poore Paris hath assayd?
Whom Menelaus wrongd
doth loue, I fancide well
Not wrongd at all: beside she matcht
with one wrongd neare a dell.
And I perceiue it plaine
that for this rape their arre
Reuenger Grækes with wreakful ships
to bidde the Troians warre.
The goodnesse of the cause
(I nothing doubt) will bee
Allowde: to foreen Dukes to fight
her features are we sée.
If me you not beléeue,
behold the chiefetaine Grækes
In Armour: I must hold her fast
whom they so sorely sækes.
But if you stand in hope
by force to wrest my will,
Why cease you hearbes and Magike
where is thy wonted skill? (verse
For in Apollos Arte
thou canst as much as she

That is the best the truest dreames
of Hecate thou dost sée.
I well remember thou
hast set the Mone aback:
And stayd the starres, and dimde the day
with duske and clowdie black.
I fed the frowning Bulles,
and mervaild much to sée
Amid the Heird by Oenons charmes
the Lyons tame to be.
Of Xanthus what should I
or Simoys now report?
Or tell how both those streames were stayd
by thée in monstrous sort:
Thy Syre himselfe in feare
his daughter farde amisse,
Amid his waters all bewitcht
would often stay ywysse.
Now (Oenone) here is place,
doo what thou canst by skyll:
Or quenche thy flames, or cleane put out
my brand that blazeth still.

FINIS.

The Translator to the captious sort of Sycophantes.

The Plowghman hopes in recompence of toyle,
And winters trauaile past, to reape the graine
That he (goodman) hath sowen on his soyle,
With great increase of crop and goodly gaine:
And reason good why so he should indeede,
For he thereon long earst bestowde his seede.

The fearefull Fisherman that castes his Nets
In hauen mouth, and layes his bayted hookes
Doth trust at length by happy hap to get
Such store of fish as may suffice the Cookes
And Caters eke, and bring him in the mucke
That ventred life in hope of happy lucke.

If Ploughman then and Fisher gape for gaines
And hope assuredly to haue the same,
To quite their troublous toyles and daily paynes
Endurde ere they could bring their feates to frame:
Why should not such as climbe the craggie Mount
Where Muses wonne, of earned hyre account:

And looke for lawde at least at learned handes
That knowe the cares of vndertaken workes,
And wote full well how hie Parnassus standes
With stately steps, where Poets Lawrell lurkes:
A haughty hill that euery wight must clime
Ere he attaine with Poets pen to rime.

For though the thing but slender be in sight
And vaine to viewe of curious carping skull.

In

The Tranſlator

In mother tongue a foꝛraine ſpæche to wꝛite:
Yet he ſhall find he hath a Crow to pull
That vndertakes with well agreeing file
Of Engliſh verſe to rub the Romaine ſtile.

Deuiſes of the language diuers are
Well couched wozds and feately fozged phꝛaſe,
Eche ſtring in tune, no ragged rime doth iarre,
With figures fraught their bookes in euery place:
So that it is a wozke of pꝛayſe to cauſe
A Romaine bozne to ſpeake with Engliſh iawes.

which laude I leaue, and pꝛayſe to painefull men
That haue with nightly ſweat of buſie bꝛow
Set out their wozkes of fame with fozward pen
Foꝛ this my Muſe I would account ynow
To ſcape the ſpitefull Zoyles chiding chappes,
That (like a Curre) eche willing wꝛyter ſnappes.

So I might goe vntoucht of Momus traine,
And neuer feele the fozce of enuious hate,
Sufficed me, well quited were my payne,
I might be thought a man of luckie fate.
But oh, it can not be, the beſt of all
(That Homer hight) to nypping nayles was thꝛall.

But let thoſe Snakes, and beaſtly Vipers bꝛode,
(I meane the ſpitefull Spider, Momus Mate)
When they haue done, recount their gotten good,
They gaine ywis but ſcozne and lothſome hate:
Wherefoze depart the racke thou Curre (I ſay)
And let the luſtie Courſer champe the hay.

If thou thy ſelfe foꝛ lumpiſh ydle life
No leyſure haſt to take in hand the like,

But

to the captious reader.

But keepste thy Cowch: put vp that cankred knife
Wherewith thou wonted art the good to strike:
Let other prelle in place to purchase fame,
For vertues sake that worke to winne a name.

Discerne their dedes when all their toyle is doone,
Say thou thy worst when they haue donne their best:
Condemne them not ere that thou hast begonne
To bewe their works, but ouerreade the rest:
That donne, let eche sustaine his earned meete,
This were the way to purchase loue indede.

FINIS.